

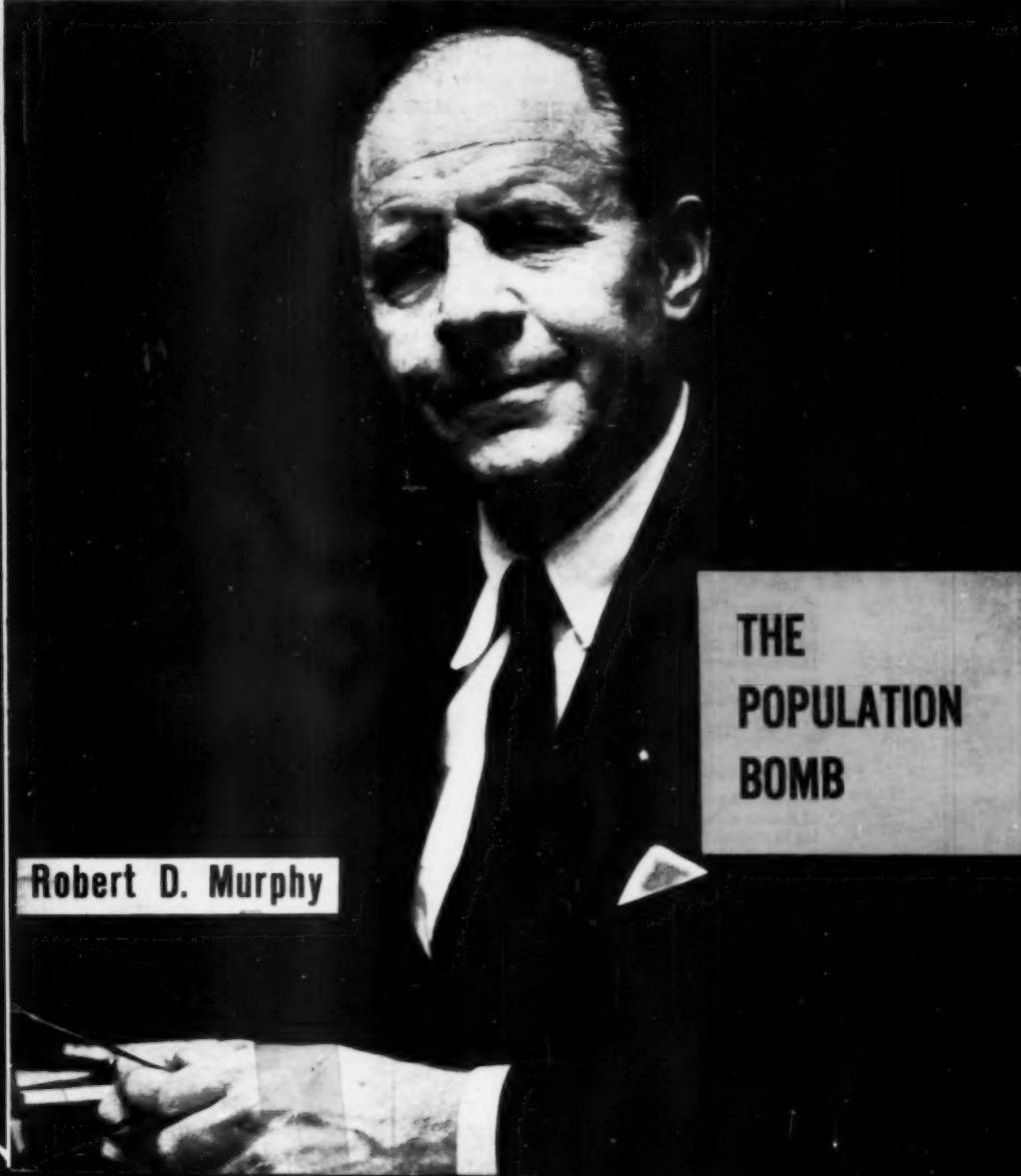
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SUBURBAN PARISH**

WORLD

MAY 1959

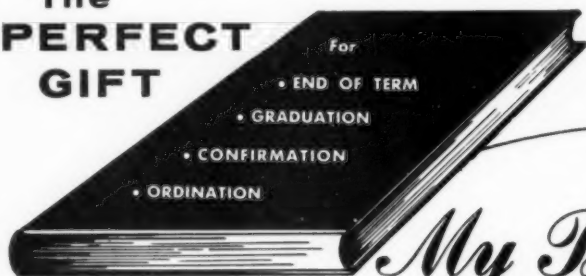
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A black and white portrait of Robert D. Murphy, a middle-aged man with a receding hairline, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is looking slightly to the left of the camera with a neutral expression. His hands are visible at the bottom left, holding a pair of glasses.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD



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New York Times photo.

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Also: Tennessee Williams' search for innocence revealed in his *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

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I'LL TELL THE WORLD

FROM PROTESTANT THEOLOGY TO RED CHINA EDITOR:

As a Protestant, I am obliged to take issue with much of your editorial "Protestant Leaders Vote for Recognition of Mao" (Jan., 1959).

... You are unfamiliar with the Communist Party line as applied to the churches. (So, also, are far too many Protestants.) Hence you make the error of assuming that the report issued by the National Council of Churches "derives from Protestant theology" and "does not indicate 'pink' or Communist thinking."

... The National Council of Churches is a comparative newcomer in the list of American organizations, but it bears all the earmarks of being the successor to the Federal Council of Churches, whose long domination by fellow travelers had long been something of a scandal. I cannot take time to instruct you in the methods by which the Communists are trained to take over and manipulate the groups which they penetrate—it is their boast that they can control the policies of any organization in which they compose 3 per cent of the membership. . . .

There is no reason whatever why Catholics—or anyone else—should hesitate to start some controversy and name-calling in connection with this report, and there will be no real impairment of Catholic-Protestant relations thereby . . . Bona fide Protestants will be grateful. . . .

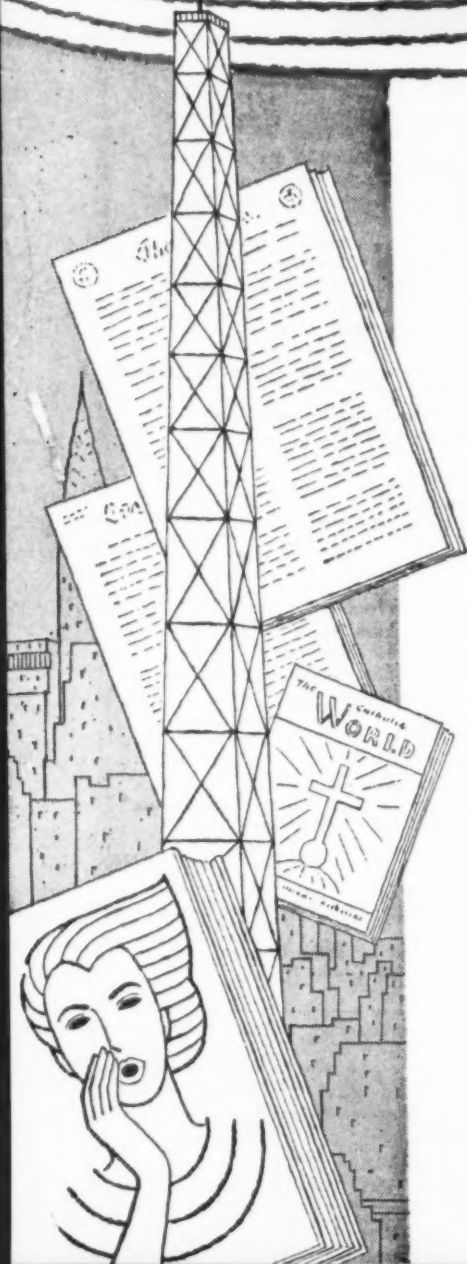
Reader
Sunset Beach, Cal.

Ed.: I was aware of some Communist infiltration of religious groups, but I think that some of the flabbiness evidenced by Protestant groups is due not to Communism but to Protestant theology's faulty concept of humility.

CATHOLIC ACTION, RIGHT TO WORK, AND DOGMA EDITOR:

I found the snide remarks made by Reverend William J. Joyce, C.S.Sp. ("I'll Tell the World," Feb., 1959) not only uncalled for but most unpriestly. I am referring to his statement, "Especially among those Catholics who pretend to have baptized the *National Review*."

... The *National Review* is a secular magazine and it makes no pretense of carrying on Catholic Action.



... I found Father Joyce's approach to a discussion of the subject of right-to-work laws completely illogical and most of his comments beside the point.

... It is also intellectual arrogance to tell a Catholic how he may think on a current national question outside church dogma and matters of faith. This subject of right-to-work laws is a matter for free and individual opinion. . . .

Mrs. A. E. Bonbrake
Forest Hills, N. Y.

Ed.: There is disagreement among Catholics at the present time about RTW laws, although those against them seem to have the better case. But while the question may still be open to debate, the debate centers about the specific situations to which these laws will apply. Certainly bishops in their own dioceses have a duty to speak out on RTW laws if they think that such laws are unwise, especially in view of a specific situation. Some bishops have spoken out against RTW laws, others have not. But the Church has both a right and a duty to speak out on social and economic questions when moral principles are involved, and theologians have a right to debate these issues.

SEGREGATION IN THE CATHOLIC WORLD

EDITOR:

With each issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD I receive, I become more perturbed at your secularistic, modernistic and liberalistic editorial policy, as reflected in your own articles, those of your contributors and of the persons subscribing to your letter forum.

... My particular point of issue is the matter of school segregation. As Catholics we proudly hail our system of parochial schools; in doing so we hail segregation. . . . Can segregation be good when it suits us and evil when it does not?

In the relationships between men the virtue of justice, and not that of charity, is the norm and foundation. Justice is objective and compulsory; charity is subjective and elective, measured in relation to oneself and hence cannot be equated to the contrary of what is one's judgment of his own good. . . . It must be clear to anyone conversant with events of the last two years in the South that the common good is not being served by the injustice of compulsory racial inter-association.

... In no earthly field, according to our theology not even in heaven itself, will or can all men be equal. . . .

... All the shouting and all the ink in the world won't make men equal. Why should we act as if it could?

Reader
Carlisle, Pa.

Ed.: Wherein is our stand more "secularistic, modernistic and liberalistic" than the Statement of the Bishops of the United States (Nov. 13, 1958)?

THE WINNERS IN '58

EDITOR:

In your editorial "Catholic Candidates: Progress Since '28" (Jan., 1959) you state: "McCarthy's election along with that of men of the stature of Brown, Kennedy, and Muskie is an encouraging sign for the future." I assume that the Brown referred to is Gov. Edmund Brown of California. If such is the case, I wonder if you noted his activities in connection with the recent visit of Anastas Mikoyan. . . .

Robert G. Faith
Chicago, Ill.

Ed.: I did. I did not think the governor had to be quite so effusive.

EDITOR:

We, the undersigned, are members of the American G. I. Forum—a national organization made up of veterans of Mexican descent and our families. We read your editorial "Catholic Candidates: Progress Since '28" (Jan., 1959) which deals especially with Senator Eugene McCarthy, a Catholic from Minnesota. In case you don't know it, Sir, Senator McCarthy while in the House voted consistently in favor of the Communist conspiracy. . . .

Joe G. Castillo
Chico Ramos
Los Angeles, Cal.

Ed.: The new Senator may or may not have made some mistakes; I have not examined his voting record closely, but I am sure he never voted "in favor of the Communist conspiracy." He may have voted for legislation from which Communists could derive an advantage, but then the Communists benefit by the Bill of Rights. Would you say that the Founding Fathers voted in favor of the Communist conspiracy? It must be possible to restrict the operations of Communists without abridging the Constitution's guarantees of freedom.

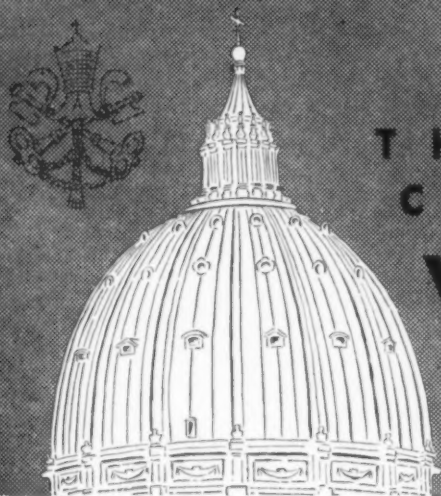
BIRTH CONTROL, BINGO AND RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE

EDITOR:

With regard to your editorial (Nov., 1958), I think it is important to distinguish between our *right* to influence public opinion and legislators, and what we *ought* to do in terms of our own best interest and our duties to the public as a legitimate and responsible minority. . . . When we are reasonably sure that the vast majority would not support our view, we should not press the issue unduly but should remain content to state our position and our reasoning. . . . Peremptory action cannot fail to do grave harm to the Catholic position. . . .

Edward Foy
Clifton, N. J.

Ed.: I agree heartily that prudence is a precious virtue for those who act in the public realm.



THE CATHOLIC WORLD

MAY 1959

Red Shadow Over Berlin

by JOHN B. SHEERIN, C.S.P.

TIME rushes on to the May 27th deadline. Statesmen may be concerned about the Khrushchev ultimatum but the majority of Americans, according to a recent Gallup poll, are not blinking an eye. They feel quite sure that Khrushchev is bluffing again and that May will pass quietly without any explosions in the vicinity of Berlin. Perhaps they have become so accustomed to an almost daily diet of "coming crises" and "approaching disasters" that they have lost all interest in storm warnings. The Berlin crisis, however, is diplomatically no less grave than it was three months ago.

A strange feature of the present situation is that no one seems to be considering the UN as a possible peacemaker. I suppose the reason is that its services could only be invoked after the foreign ministers have failed to agree on a solution, or perhaps after a summit meeting. The UN cannot step into this Berlin crisis on its own initiative because the original framers of the organization made the incredible error of building into the organization a constitutional incapacity to handle crises such as this. The Charter provided the means for holding the smaller nations in line but presumed that the larger nations would behave. So Russia has a veto in the Security Council and can block any attempt to make it live up to its legal obligations.

The Reds themselves will probably recommend a role for the UN. On March 27th Secretary Dag Hammarskjöld spent a day with Khrushchev at the Russian's vacation resort on the Black Sea. Undoubtedly, the Red leader was elaborating his much-publicized plan to make Berlin a "free city" under UN control, the UN acting as guarantor of the city's freedom.

Such an offer will make Russia appear in the white robes of a peacemaker. But it is utterly inconceivable that the Western democracies would ever surrender their rights to West Berlin in favor of the UN. For the result would be to strengthen the East German regime. The UN commander would want to placate the East Germans since he would be surrounded by them and he would probably attempt to arrange the entrance of East Germany into the UN along with the Federal Republic of West Germany. Thus a situation abhorrent to the West would be created, a perpetually partitioned Germany. Some months ago there was talk of moving the capital of the UN to West Berlin but the West Berliners rejected it as a devious shortcut to a divided Germany.

WHAT is the total background of this Berlin crisis? We have to remember Khrushchev views West Berlin as one small sector in a war that covers the whole world. He is applying pressure to West Berlin just at this moment but that does not mean that he is relaxing pressure elsewhere. In fact, some suspect that he is publicizing his pressure on West Berlin to distract world attention from his escapades in the Middle East. Most diplomats, however, feel that the Berlin affair is something more than a mere diversionary move. It is, moreover, something more significant than a trick to build up tension, to prepare the way for a magnanimous "solution" which will enhance Khrushchev's reputation as "a savior of the peace." What he is trying to do, according to many military and political experts, is to shore up his badly sagging East European em-

pire which is rife with dissension.

What is the connection between the Berlin crisis and his East European empire? Simply this, that to save the empire he must solidify the East German Government. For the weakest link in the chain of captive nations is East Germany and Khrushchev is convinced that East Germany will be a problem as long as it contains West Berlin at its heart. West Berlin is a source of constant irritation and embarrassment to the Red regime because it is not only a haven of escape for fleeing Communists, but a flourishing city that flaunts its wealth and industrial success in the face of the bumbling commissars of East Germany whose industrial achievements are pathetic.

To form some idea of what West Berlin means to East Germany, we might picture to ourselves what a smoothly-integrated city would mean to segregationists if it were planted right in the center of Alabama. Khrushchev has resolved to eliminate this embarrassing proof of the merits of a democratic way of life lest it disturb the tenor of East German life, which disturbance would certainly spread to the other satellites. Obviously, the Western Allies are not anxious to firm up Khrushchev's shaky empire by surrendering to him their rights in the city.

The West is united in its insistence that not an inch of West Berlin be given to the Soviets. Of one thing we can be sure, that Adenauer and De Gaulle will warn their foreign ministers against even the suspicion of a concession. This meeting of foreign ministers is scheduled to begin on May 11th. The Khrushchev deadline is May 27th.

The West will be ready to meet

any device Khrushchev might try to use to cut off West Berlin. If his East German stooges should attempt to block automobile and railroad traffic, then the West will resort to another air lift. If risks have to be taken, they will be taken. The West must be "tough" on the 27th.

Now the question that comes to mind is: can a Christian support such a "tough" policy in good conscience? For such a policy, we must realize, is based chiefly on the H-bomb. The shadow over Berlin is the possibility that nuclear war might erupt, a war that would transform large sections of the planet into cemeteries and that would be followed by "the peace of the dead." The problem for the Christian conscience is the lawfulness of building a policy around a weapon that kills innocent non-combatants indiscriminately with the enemy fighters.

In discussing the lawfulness of using such a weapon, we have to realize that we are actually using it at this present moment. We are not dropping bombs on Russian territory but we are using H-bombs as deterrents. We are holding over the heads of the Russians the threat that we will blast their cities to bits if they strike the first blow at us. The West is trying to cope with every weapon the Soviets are using, whether in propaganda, cultural exchanges, trade war or psychological lures. In the game of nuclear blackmail that the Reds are playing with us, the only effective weapon we have is the threat of massive retaliation. The only reason we have not been attacked before this is that the Reds know that our SAC bomb-laden planes are poised ready to strike. If it is right for us to

threaten Russia in defense of our rights in the U. S., why is it wrong to threaten Russia in defense of our rights in Berlin?

But someone will say the making of the threat must mean that we would retaliate and make good our threat in case Russia attacked us. To which the only answer at present is that we need not disclose to the Russians what our real intentions are.

SOME European Christians have claimed that there is something bourgeois, godless and materialistic about our H-bomb policy. But the fact is that we are today living under the umbrella of nuclear deterrence. The immediate moral question then is: have we a right to throw away this protection? To abandon our policy of deterrence would be equivalent to an invitation to Russia to devastate our country. This would be the height of immorality to incite the Soviets to start the fireworks.

There is another moral question that is often ignored in newspaper articles on the Berlin crisis. That is the question of justice for the captive nations of Eastern Europe. Russia apparently has no idea of granting them justice: her goal is a negotiated settlement of the Berlin affair so as to secure her empire in Eastern Europe. But have the Western powers a moral right to make a separate, negotiated peace over Berlin? The moment that we put a stamp of approval on what Russia wants in Berlin, that moment we put our stamp of approval on Russia's tyranny in the rest of Eastern Europe. Our silence gives assent. At least that is the opinion of qualified political scientists.

I know that there are political

observers who say that this crucial time is no time to discuss Russia's other sins. They claim moreover that such an attempt would be futile. Russia has already proposed that the foreign ministers' meetings be limited to: separate peace treaties with East and West Germany and withdrawal of Western troops from West Berlin. Khrushchev himself has said that even talk of German reunification is unrealistic at this time.

NEVERTHELESS it would not be at all surprising if some of the Western foreign ministers did bring up the question of German reunification. They could acknowledge the possibility of a loose confederation of East and West Germany as a technical preliminary to free elections in the whole country. From that point they could go on to the question of free elections in the satellite countries. The subject could be broached from the standpoint of "European security." For the real reason why Europe is in such an unsettled condition today is the presence of Red troops in the occupied countries preventing the people of Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia from electing their own rulers. How can there be "disengagement" or any degree of thinning-out of NATO forces in Europe until the hostile forces of the Red army have been removed from Eastern Europe?

Perhaps such a suggestion would

get short shrift from the Russian diplomats. But at least, the statement of the West's grievances would form the core of a new, aggressive and positive Western program. Too often in the past, the West has failed to have a policy. It did not act but simply reacted, zigging whenever Russia zigged and zagging when she zagged. It is time for the West to begin to call the tune. The Berlin episode will undoubtedly toughen our stand on Berlin. It may also lead to a new and broad policy of unremitting protest against Red skullduggery in Eastern Europe generally.

God Bless "America"

THE national Catholic review *America* made its first appearance on April 17, 1909. We are happy to congratulate this great magazine on its Golden Jubilee. As Pope John pointed out in his message to the editors of *America* at the time of the Jubilee, the task of editing such a magazine week in and week out calls for courage as well as competence in philosophy and theology. These qualities have been traditional with *America* editors. Father Robert Hartnett, S.J., editor from 1948 to 1955, was a scholarly controversialist and Father Thurston N. Davis, S.J., the present editor, packs a punch in his velvet gloves. The history of *America* is one of the brightest pages in American Church history.



Where Is Toynbee Going?

by M. Whitcomb Hess

How Did We Get This Way— And Where Are We Going?" This was Arnold Toynbee's topic when he spoke to two thousand alumni of the Harvard Business School in September, 1958. One of the delegates to the meeting wrote me in summation of the "lesson" in Toynbee's talk: ". . . it sounds as if a world-wide federation of civil servants

(business and government) will ultimately be the most workable arrangement." Undoubtedly this specialized Harvard audience approved the idea of a world federation of business and political leaders as a "most workable arrangement." Such a federation, as it happens, already appears to be the goal of the Harvard Business School.

*At Harvard he looked back in longing
to Greece and Rome*

The Christian must nevertheless raise some doubts about that arrangement's workability and value. But before questioning its feasibility, let us examine some other statements made by Toynbee on his recent visit to Harvard. Speaking to newsmen just prior to his address, Toynbee told them that China's emergence as a great power is now a *fait accompli*. In this era of economic revolution, the fact of China as a great power is one that must not be ignored by the rest of the world. Toynbee went on to predict that Formosa, Hong Kong and Singapore will eventually be united to mainland China. He claimed that China had adopted Communism as an instrument in helping her resume her position as a world power. It gave China the means for a speedy and revolutionary economic change.

ANTICIPATING and approving a Pan-Arab union, Toynbee said we can do business with the Arabs. However he made the concession that this union must become reconciled to the fact that Israel will continue to exist, though Israel will have to be satisfied with a compromise boundary line. Such a union of course represents a lively wish of the historian. ("I'd like to see the Arabs happy and prosperous. I don't see that we have any quarrel with them. They want to sell their oil and we want to buy it.") As for Soviet Russia, he saw the Soviet Union "changing like the rest of us," engaging in no active war but only one of attrition as the Communists compete with our way of life in Asia and Africa.

Reading the newspaper accounts of the Toynbee speech and press conference at Harvard, I wondered

how many persons as they listened to this eminent historian's words on China recalled that Harvard's own Henry Adams also had foretold an emergent China and declared that it was inevitable; Adams had said too that China's vast force of inertia would be united with the huge bulk of Russia in a single mass which no amount of new force could henceforth deflect. No new force but one, that is. For Henry Adams realized at the last (with part of his mind at least) that only the recovery of the "lost prayers of Christendom" could save either man or society.

HOWEVER, in his making central the business and civil aspects in the New Order, Toynbee looked to the Greco-Roman world twenty-two hundred years ago for direction. "Here and now," he stated, "there is a crying need as there was there and then, for peace, harmony, teamwork, organization, administration and efficiency on a worldwide scale. We are in the same danger of seeing civilization destroy itself by revolution and war." Citing "how the Greco-Roman story ended: by a disastrous war and bankrupt Roman government," Toynbee described the Augustan peace as a period in which "dullness and uncreativity reigned." He expressed the hope that we, contrary to what happened then, would keep open "all outlets for enterprise, ambition and

Arnold Toynbee advocates a worldwide federation of civil servants as the way to world peace, reproducing the teamwork, creativity and organization of the Greco-Roman world. But Mrs. M. Whitcomb Hess maintains that you can return to that world and emerge safely from its "catacombs" only if you carry the light of Christianity with you. Mrs. Hess has made a special study of Toynbee's rationalism.

creativity in any field of human activity."

Toynbee, in the reports of the address as seen by this writer, said nothing at all about the advent of Christianity in that very time of Augustus "when dullness and uncreativity reigned." Nor did he make mention of the prime challenge of that Faith. Instead the Greco-Roman humanism as such apparently holds the highest place in the Toynbee setup.

Of course, he is not the only modern scholar to look back in longing to Greece and Rome. Readers of Miss Edith Hamilton's "The Lessons of the Past" (*The Saturday Evening Post*, Sept. 27, 1958) will remember her advocacy "without qualifications" of our emulative study of the great Greeks. Citing Demosthenes' statement that "the time for extracting a lesson from history is ever at hand for them who are wise," Miss Hamilton, who last year was made an honorary citizen of Athens by the Greek government for her work in promoting Greek culture, believes we not only can but must look back to this civilization to save our own in the present crisis.

Some years ago in his *Atlantic* article, "Civilization on Trial" (June, 1947), Toynbee presented his analysis of our five surviving civilizations (he counted nineteen in all on this planet) in order to show which would last if man chooses to live in peace, and which would last if the "most civilized" do not so choose. His conclusions included a future in the Old World for the Chinese; and "in the island of North America" another future for the *Canadiens* (the French-speaking Canadians). But these futures would be assured only if man

elects peace. In the event that man "runs amok" with the atom bomb, the prophet-historian saw the Negritos of Central Africa alone surviving to help salvage our present heritage. However, in the case of man's utter collapse, the insect world would take over: "The winged insects are believed to have come into existence about 250,000,000 years ago. Perhaps the higher winged insects — the social insects that have anticipated mankind in creating an institutional life — are still waiting for their reign on earth to come. If the ants and the bees were one day to acquire even that glimmer of intellectual understanding that man has possessed in his day, and if they were then to make their own shot at seeing history in perspective, they might see the advent of the mammals, and the brief reign of the human mammal, as almost irrelevant episodes, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

At about the same time these words were printed in the *Atlantic*, Monsignor Ronald Knox, speaking to the Institute of Sociology in Reading, England, put his finger on the weak spots in the institutional philosophy as such, which he actually named the ethics of the hive. A characteristic drawback of a community which recognized no higher good than the good of community is that, "in a pinch, it does not keep its word." Citing recent examples from German and Russian history, Knox went on to say that in such regimes both honor and justice lose their significance, and "truth itself must await the rubber stamp of governmental approval." Nor was the danger, as Monsignor Knox saw it then, limited to a few national instances; it had grown into a

worldwide threat; and he closed his talk with an urgent appeal to his listeners to concentrate attention on Public Enemy No. 1, the menace of State encroachment. Yes, the higher winged insects that Toynbee felt had anticipated mankind in creating an institutional life do seem to have provided moderns with a "hive-ethics." But the fact that those who follow the crowd are quickly lost in the crowd is being proved over and over in what someone calls the assembly-line culture of our day.

We are horrified at the machine-like thinking that somehow made German scholarship and criticism the ideal of the academic world for two centuries (and then wrecked personality as well as society in the educational and political philosophies of Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia) nevertheless we are not sufficiently aware even yet of the unredeemed paganism undergirding those systems. The results of the rationalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—those centuries in which pagan Greco-Roman humanism was rated higher than Christianity—have been written in giant gory letters on our own skies. One would indeed think that the *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* could not be plainer: what the world needs is not so much Greece as Grace. Or, rather, it needs the Greco-Roman humanism only when that humanism has been redeemed through Grace.

As I tried to show in an article "Hegelianism and the Making of the Modern Mind" (*The Thomist*, Vol. XIV, pp. 335-350), Toynbee's philosophy has always been the rationalist's philosophy despite his use of Christian terminology on oc-

casion. In his interpretations of history, and even where he pleads for "Christian" values we find the odor of decadence present, which would destroy those values even as a rotten apple spreads its vitiating influence through a whole barrel of sound apples. In considering the Toynbee rationalism in the article cited, I compared it with the Christian approach to history of Frédéric Ozanam who was a great scholar as well as the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Where Toynbee threatens our civilization with a catastrophic collapse (unless the "good" businessmen and statesmen get their heads together and the peoples of the world together in one great confederation) we never find Ozanam falling into such pagan-derived despair, which is a despair of both man and God. Of course, Ozanam as a Christian could never think of mankind growing godlike *en masse* or "matter" evolving into "spirit" as some of Toynbee's utterances show he believes possible. But the French writer does show such great respect for the human mind that he sees in it the bonds by which the ages are knitted together. However, he insists that it is only by the light of Christianity that men dare go into "the moral catacombs under the soil of paganism" to learn the meaning of history. And, having gone, by such a light, Ozanam—dedicated Catholic that he was—emerged to see God manifest in His Church militant which goes steadfastly forward in the forefront of human progress to direct it to perfection. Though each man stands answerable in his own time and place both for himself and social conditions, in Ozanam's view, God's Hand is never taken from his shoulder but

waits ready to lead him and society on the right path.

IF Greco-Roman humanism has helped with special paving materials for that right path—and it has—the reason is that the Church saved what was good from the wreck of the ancient cultures and discarded what was evil in them. In doing so the teaching Church has ever kept a sure distinction between humanism and Grace; in the words of Pierre Fransen, “the Church has always very rightly believed that humanism is indispensable for the normal development of the interior and divine life,” which is why she went to so much effort to save that humanism. Today the Church, challenged by those who believe neither in God nor man, through numerous directive acts of Providence, proves to all with eyes to see that she still watches—as she has watched for all the centuries—over the destiny of art and learning no less than over the changing nations. Barbarism as in the past continues to usurp power for awhile but it has never been able to rule either exclusively or finally. In the well of truths, *My Last Book* (Kenedy, 1958), Father Gillis wrote: “The pre-papal antiquity of the Catholic Church is a fascinating subject, but we need not delay upon it. Suffice it to say that in our Bible the Old Testament is bound in the one same volume with the New, and we believe the Old to be inspired no less than the New. In that one volume are the Psalms of David and the parables of Christ, the prophecies of Isaias, Jeremias, David and the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. We com-

mence with Adam and we start over again with the New Adam who is Jesus.” The writer continues: “Yes, we Catholics have a long memory. Nothing surprises us and by the same token nothing frightens us. In our Bible and in our brain it is written, ‘The gates of Hell shall not prevail against the Church.’”

IF the featured speaker at the Harvard Business School celebration last September had answered his question: “How did we get this way—and where are we going? according to the actual historic facts, he would have shown up our irresponsible secularist philosophy for what it is. It is a philosophy of the separation of man from God, with the former’s consequent loss of selfhood in the masses and in the tragic sequence of events in Germany and the West generally following Luther’s revolt in the sixteenth century.

Caught in the insecurities and anxieties of our mid-twentieth-century atom era (with its talking rockets from outer space), are we hoping to find a saving principle in the banding together of statesmen and businessmen on a basis of pre-Christian humanist ideals? If this is where we’re going, according to Toynbee’s vision, no wonder he could speak in his *Atlantic* piece about “the brief reign of the human mammal,” suggesting at the same time the infinitesimal quality of man’s “glimmer of intellectual understanding.” But in the Christian vision there is no trace of despair either of God’s truth or man’s, which is itself the reflection in God’s creatures of His own light.

The GOOD EARTH of My Ancestors

by Sister Mary Catharine O'Connor

THE term "Gee Whiz Guy" that Thurber applied recently to the late editor of the *New Yorker*, Harold Ross, has made me wonder whether I am a Gee Whiz Traveler: what I like most to recall of my trip to Europe are not the Baedeker spots, but my meetings with the off-beat and the unexpected, even though some of it was too insignificant for a guidebook to mention.

The omnipresent flowers of Great Britain, for one thing, charmed my unaccustomed eyes: the reds and blues and violets, the yellows and deep pinks, in window boxes and front gardens and spilling from baskets on the lamp posts of the villages our bus wound down into; the patches of crimson and lavender blossoms beside the grim path we climbed to watch the gray surges of the Atlantic battering the Cornish headlands far below; the scarlet of small poppies piercing the Rembrandt gold of the Midland wheat; the tracts of purple heather sweeping across the Scottish moors. Most of all I shall remember the eight-foot hedges of wild fuchsia along the Irish roadways. They

brought to mind the Ulster mother in Chesterton's book on Ireland who used to say of a certain pond, "Stay away from it. There are wee popes there." Her warning about the fuchsia hedges, thick with abundant blossoms in proper ecclesiastical colors, would probably have been that they were the robes of a scalawag horde of wee bishops gone off on some disreputable business.

Indeed, in all my traveling about Europe, it was Ireland that took me most by surprise. Our itinerary sent us from London to Dublin, and I went reluctantly, for although I was enthusiastic about the energy and the unique flavor of much modern Irish writing, often enjoyed my encounters with the Irish temperament, and profoundly admired the Irish fight to preserve national integrity—the longest in the history of the world—my feeling was detached, as if Ireland had little to do with me. I spend a good deal of my time teaching English literature, and I wished fervently to remain in the land that had produced the glories I took such pleasure in.

And so with regret I flew over the

*Reluctantly she flew over the Irish Sea
but she was pleasantly surprised
by something unsought and unlooked for.*

brown mountains of Wales, the polychrome rectangles of Welsh farmland bordered by dark-green hedgerows, and the crawling slate-colored Irish Sea. Then I looked down on Ireland and was smitten by the thought of what I was to her and she to me.

From that outpost of Europe, shining green through mist like gauze in a light different from any I had ever seen, had come my whole inheritance. On that island no bigger than the state of Maine, a multitude of folk had labored and laughed and prayed; and every one of them had left something to me. Because of them I had been born with weaknesses, but also with a fondness for humor, for color, for poetry and music and fairy lore, for the small things of nature and for the sea. Because of them I was aware early of the kingdom of the mind. Because they had held fast to the Church against the worst kind of odds, the faith was the chief thing in my life.

As we traveled over the fine roads of Ireland, I thought much about these men and women of my blood. A proverb runs, "Scratch an Irishman and you will discover a genealogist." The invincible clan spirit of the Irish had been touched in me.

Was my heritage all Celtic? Or did the Danes who settled in "Waterford of the Ships," my grandparents' country, give the red-gold hair that turns up in the family now and then? Did my Cavan grandmother's black eyes come from a Spaniard who, having crossed into Galway, found a land unlike his own in climate and color but inhabited by people who shared his view that life should be lived at a slow pace and evaluated in the light of eternity?

It's no easy task to reconstruct your ancestors who lived in a land of paradoxes. But it's a lot more fun than listening to calamity howlers forecasting the future. There is color, humor and poetry in this travelogue by **Sister Mary Cotharine**, chairman of the English Department at the College of St. Elizabeth, Convent Station, New Jersey.

I should like to discover that someone of my lineage contributed to the ancient culture of the Gaels —fashioned a piece of jewelry, perhaps, like the exquisite white-bronze brooch of Tara in the National Museum, considered by experts the most beautiful piece of metallurgy known to exist; or chiseled any of the dog teeth above the doorways of King Cormac MacCarthy's small, wonderful chapel on the windswept Rock of Cashel; or sculptured a bit of the detail of the high Celtic cross at Monasterboice; or even sharpened the pens that drew the interlacings and convolutions around the capital letters in the incomparable Book of Kells.

I hope there was a harper among my forbears, with a jewelled harp of many strings, like Brian Boru's; or a fiddler who gave out jig tunes, as well as the plaintive old melodies for which Thomas Moore was to write more plaintive lyrics; or a piper with "elbow pipes" as melancholy as the dark-blue Connemara hills; or a bard from whose rich fancy sprang any part of the sagas, of Cuchulainn or Queen Maeve or Finn McCool or beautiful Deirdre of the sorrowful name that appears now and then in the society pages today. An imaginative, mystical people like the Irish, with a turn of phrase all their own, must produce more than their share of poets, famous or obscure. My grandfather, who wrote poetry in Gaelic, may

have drawn something from the air around him: according to Frank O'Connor, Waterford is a leisured and cultured county; and the pleasant town the southern branch of my family came from, Lismore on the Blackwater, was the seat of an early monastic school where poetry no doubt flourished, and also the capital of the Irish cultural reformation of the twelfth century. Cromwell abandoned his attack on Waterford almost before he had begun it; perhaps some poet's lines aroused the black anger that frightened him away.

I SHOULD be glad to have a weaver for an ancestor, like the gentle young man we met in Kerry who dyed his wool with fuchsia and golden gorse and fern and said he would not exchange the handloom his father and grandfather had worked before him for the best job in the British Isles—and I think he had even the English Prime Minister's in mind. I should like to have the blood of the fisherfolk in the north, brave men, tall and straight and dark, who still ride the wild combers in their frail currachs with an adroitness a master skipper might envy; and women in blue aprons over scarlet woollen skirts, raising broods of respectful, comely children with velvet voices and soft hair. I should like to claim descent from a schoolmaster who taught by a hedge because the government would not give him a building, and put upon his pupils' minds, almost as indelibly as the mark of Confirmation was upon their souls, a zeal for learning that is as old as Ireland. A shabby man on a Dublin street can show a stranger Hoey's Court, where Swift was born, or the church where Handel tried out his *Messiah*

on the organ, as readily as a policeman at Times Square can point out the subway. The most complete summary of Irish history I ever heard was from a transit worker, and the most enthusiastic comment on an Abbey Theater play from a taxi driver. "You have no right to miss it," he said; "I mean the first one; the second isn't much." Even when transplanted, an Irishman clings to his respect for the things of the mind, as did the old Irish fellow who stood on a New York street and watched us nuns heading for a cultural gathering. "Go in there and absorb all you can," he admonished us, removing his cap and bowing so low his worn coat trailed on the sidewalk.

I HOPE the limewashed cottages of the farmers in my ancestry had large, fat roses and tall foxglove around their open doors and were famous for flights of good talk. I hope it superabounded in fine, sonorous words and was dramatic when the occasion called for drama, or argumentative or whimsical or extravagant or witty or melancholy—or perhaps witty and melancholy at the same time. The last kings of Ireland, whose name I bear, left worthy monuments, such as the Romanesque churches and famous religious houses they built in Connaught, including the Abbey of Cong. Rory O'Connor gave the first annual grant to maintain a professor at Armagh "for all the Irish and the Scots," and Turlough, his father, had a gold medal of the Temple of Solomon made for the cathedral at Clonmacnois. On the whole, though, they were nothing to brag about. Rory lost the Battle of the Liffey to Strongbow the Norman under ignominious circumstances and paved

the way for the English conquest, and his brother was known as Cathal of the Wine-Red Hand, probably an elegant version of Gyp the Blood. Even if later O'Connors behaved more creditably—like the family who, when Mary Tudor (of all people) tried to impose a "Plantation" of Englishmen on their lands, resisted her to the death—the one I should like most to claim is Padraig O'Conaire, whose statue was erected at Eyre Square in Galway City simply because he went about in a donkey cart telling stories. A sturdy, humble little figure, he is seated on a wall, as is proper to his calling, and his face looks absorbed in the tale he is telling, which may be history or national legend or the traditional stuff every county is saturated with. Where but in Ireland would a city raise its only statue to a wandering shanachie?

Did any of my ancestors see St. Patrick insure his welcome at Armagh by arriving there in the white robe of the Druids, borne in a carriage drawn by two white stags? Did they watch Columkille, exiled, as we would think, unjustly, push his curragh off for the misty archipelago of the Hebrides and the poor little island Iona that was to be the centrifugal of the faith in Britain? Did they know James Lynch Fitz-Stephens, fifteenth-century mayor of Galway, whose middle name added a shameful word to the English language when he hanged his son for a breach of Irish hospitality—the murder of a Spanish guest? Or Grania, born Grace O'Malley, colorful lady-pirate in an age of piracy, who went about with a heavy price upon her head and gave the back of her hand to Queen Elizabeth when she met her? Were they

acquainted with Swift, not as dean of the clammy-cold cathedral in Dublin, but in Laracor in County Meath, where Stella's bright presence revealed the tenderness in him co-existing with his savage indignation at the human race? Were they among the farmers of Lissoy who knew they had a genius in their midst, the vicar's pock-marked, shambling, stuttering Oliver? What great native sons did they meet on country roads or in small towns, as we met De Valera in Athenry and felt the charm of his gracious, unassuming manner, something that fiction about political leaders does not encourage Americans to look for?

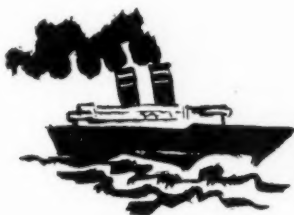
BORN in a land of paradox where rainbows, sometimes two at a time, adorn the sky in the midst of thin, abundant rain; where people follow without pride a way of life, uncontentious and unmaterialistic, that most Europeans would find intolerable; where a man with only a few shillings in his pocket has time to rest his elbows on the stone bridge over the Corrib River at Galway and watch the great silver salmon pausing on their journey from the sea to the lakes, packed so tight that, as someone has said, "the river does be woven of them"; where even the Book of Kells shows non-conformity in the sweeping, coiling, interweaving asymmetry that replaced established classical patterns. What were my forbears like as people? Innocent as children one minute and shrewd as the Seven Sages the next? Illogical and unyielding, then suddenly all reasonableness, though seldom sweet reasonableness? Ready to challenge statements, not to prove anything so much as to exercise their native skill in dialectic

tic? Prompt to theorize but not all concerned with putting theory into practice? Slow to murmur about foul weather or human frailty or even calamity but quick to exclaim, "Look at that now!" when a newborn animal tried its legs?

What did my people contribute to the "decency" for which the Irish have such regard? Because of it they respect another's property—if not his opinions—and if he is of a different religion (God help him), permit him to worship in peace. Because of it they cherish the aged and welcome orphans into family groups without subsidy from the State. It makes them unpatronizingly courteous, especially to strangers. Even their crochety or cantankerous complaints about whomever has angered them are apt to be heard against a counterpoint of soft domestic sounds, like fresh, crusty bread being sliced and bacon sizzling, as they prepare him a "decent" meal.


Travelers extol Italy for the sense of the past it gives. I found a sense of the past in Ireland, not in the "rooms" of castles our guide was forever pointing out, but a personal

sense that was to remain with me long after I watched, from a small Aer Lingus plane, the green shoreline of the southern counties fade away in diaphanous mist. In Ireland I experienced what everyone has a right to experience somewhere in the world, the feeling of roots under me. It is an incomparable feeling, somehow comforting. My roots stretch to the lonesome north, under thatched roofs and the low, tumbling stone walls that follow the dips and hollows of the pasture lands, and perhaps up and around the stern coast of Connemara to the country of mountainy pools and glens. They reach into Cavan of the little lakes. They run to the south, along the banks of the slow, broad, beautiful Blackwater. They go God knows where else, but wherever it is, whether under springy black peat or stretches of bracken and radiant golden furze or the rock-studded acres that make cultivation an all but losing battle, I know the earth is clean, as Patrick left it, not spoiled, like the earth of other lands whose history has been more flamboyant, by surface mold and subliminal decay.



by Rev. Neil J. McEleney, C.S.F

What's Happ



IN France recently, a book asked, *Qu'est-ce que la Bible?* American Catholics want to know, "What's happening to the Bible?" The bits and snatches filtering down to them from the scholarly world supply them with all the elements of a panic. Can they believe what they hear? They have always regarded certain answers to biblical problems as unchallengeable, the "Catholic" positions, and now they hear of learned Catholic exegetes "debunking" what they thought they were supposed to hold sacred. It has them scared and confused. So they ask, "What *can* we believe?" "What do we *have* to hold?"

Fundamentally, they are assuming that the Bible has been fully explored and authoritatively defined by the Church, that no progress can be made in understanding the Scriptures. The assumption is wrong. The Church has not passed on every verse of the Bible. Only a handful of texts, all of them in the New Testament, have been defined by the Church. The interpretation of most of the Scriptures falls to the lot of sound, scientific exegesis. True, the Catholic exegete is guided by the Church's teaching in

The new biblical movement
has shocked some Catholics
who should know better.

Opening to the Bible?

his explanation of the text. This is so because he believes, as every Catholic does, that the Church is the custodian and ultimate interpreter of the Bible and the revelation contained in it. But this is a long way from saying that there is already a defined, unchangeable, "Catholic" position on every biblical problem.

IN *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, Pope Pius XII stressed the difficulties encountered in biblical interpretation and noted the progress made. He went on to say, "No wonder if to one or other question no solution wholly satisfactory will ever be found, since sometimes we have to do with matters obscure in themselves and too remote from our times and our experience; and since exegesis also, like all other most important sciences, has its secrets, which, impenetrable to our minds, by no efforts whatsoever can be unravelled." (*Rome and the Study of Scriptures*, Grail)

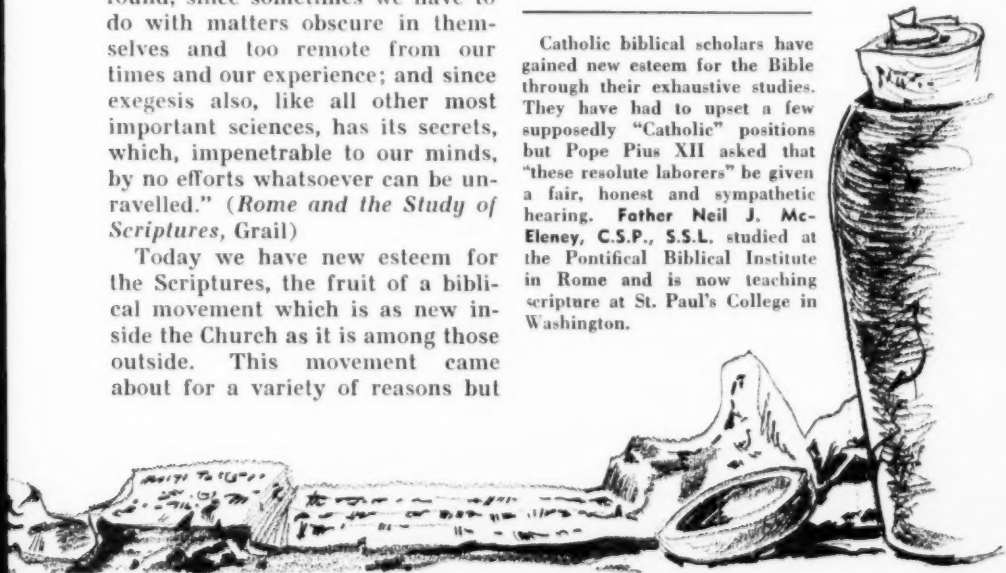
Today we have new esteem for the Scriptures, the fruit of a biblical movement which is as new inside the Church as it is among those outside. This movement came about for a variety of reasons but

largely through the rediscovery of the human dress of the Bible. Linguistics, archaeology, historical and literary criticism, all contributed to it. And the results are surprising, sometimes shattering.

In the midst of the current ferment, the divine plan of salvation as pictured in the Bible becomes increasingly clear. The biblical revival has helped, not hindered, the Church's position. It has finished off many a rationalist argument, moved many a non-Catholic scholar closer to our teachings. Why shouldn't it? The Bible is the Church's book.

A few examples will suffice to

Catholic biblical scholars have gained new esteem for the Bible through their exhaustive studies. They have had to upset a few supposedly "Catholic" positions but Pope Pius XII asked that "these resolute laborers" be given a fair, honest and sympathetic hearing. **Father Neil J. McEleney, C.S.P., S.S.L.** studied at the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome and is now teaching scripture at St. Paul's College in Washington.



show the new lustre recent study has given the Bible and to highlight the distance between older and newer opinions.

TAKE the Pentateuch. Until the 16th century, just about everyone thought of it as written entirely by the hand of Moses (except for the account of his death). Then critics began to point out its repetitions, anachronisms, differences of style, and so on. It was divided into "documents" which multiplied until it truly became a "mosaic" composition. Writers hostile to the Church tied their literary criticism to false theories of history and religious development. As a result, Moses was the last person to whom they were willing to attribute the Pentateuch. Catholics stoutly maintained the traditional view, often at the expense of not admitting valid critical arguments. An impasse resulted, with a period of confusion and uncertainty following. Until the problem could be posed in new terms, the proper distinctions were not to be made or a solution found.

Archaeology broke the deadlock. Writing went back farther than the critics supposed. The rediscovery of the ancient Near East restored the laws and history of Israel to their proper setting. The way opened for the reconciliation of literary criticism and Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch.

Moses is the author of the Pentateuch, yes. But not in the rigid sense with which we moderns invest the term. The Hebrew mentality was not as mechanical as all that. The Law, or Pentateuch, contains the history and legislation of the period when Israel became a people. In that period, the outstanding figure, the organizer of the people, its

first legislator and religious hero was Moses. From him the mass of pentateuchal material reached Israelite posterity in varying traditions, partly written, partly oral, until it was finally codified in its present form.

ANY modifications or subsequent legislation were ascribed to him, becoming part of the Mosaic Law and deriving authority from attribution to him. We may find this practice unseemly; the ancients did not.

The Pentateuch, then, embodies a variety of materials. Some of these materials are prior to Moses, some later. All of it bears the weight of his authority. It is his work which has marked forever the faith and practice of his people. Thus the facts deduced from literary and historical criticism and the data of tradition are shown to be complementary. Moses is indeed the author of the Pentateuch, understood in this wider sense.

Any book, to be fully understood, needs to be read against the background of the environment which produced it. This is especially true of the Bible, whose message was first of all addressed to the contemporaries of the inspired authors. They delivered that message not only in the current idiom but in the literary structures with which their countrymen were familiar. Some knowledge of these modes of expression, then, is necessary to the study of the Bible. Without this background, we are in danger of misunderstanding the import of the biblical writer's thought and so of losing the divine message contained in it.

As Christianity spread and became the possession of the Gentiles, the

Semitic mentality and the cultural and historical milieu of almost all of the Bible were lost from sight. The Bible was divided into historical, prophetic, and didactic sections and, apart from these meager distinctions, was considered pretty much of a piece. It became a source book for proof-texts of theology.

Divorced from their literary context, the "historical" chapters of the Bible were all given equal weight, and there was a tendency to read the full Christian message into each word of the text which could possibly support it. In the light of an imperfect knowledge of biblical literary forms, this was understandable and excusable. Catholic doctrine was not imperiled, since it rested on the firm foundation of the Church's teaching. But much of the real import of the Bible was garbled.

Again archaeology wrought a change. With the discovery of ancient Near Eastern literatures, their translation and analysis, scholars are now in a better position to properly understand the sacred author's religious teaching.

Some knowledge of ancient literary forms, of course, was always present among exegetes. No one saw real history in the parables or read the prose sections as poetical. But as Pius XII pointed out, that was not enough. In *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, the late Holy Father said, "What is the literal sense of a passage is not always as obvious in the speeches and writings of the ancient authors of the East, as it is in the works of our own time. . . . For the ancient peoples of the East, in order to express their ideas, did not always employ those forms or kinds of speech which we use today; but rather those used by the men of

their times and countries. What those exactly were the commentator cannot determine as it were in advance, but only after a careful examination of the ancient literatures of the East."

APPLYING this principle to the study of Chapters 1-11 of Genesis, for example, modern authors see in them a "religious pre-history." Stories and symbols current in ancient literature are used in these chapters to teach basic religious truths concerning God's dealings with men before the Israelite ancestor Abraham appeared in history. Thus Noe's adventure, a story paralleled in the Akkadian Epic of Gilgamesh, is illustrative of the progressive moral decline of humanity and the inevitable punishment of sin by divine justice as well as the reward of fidelity. Viewed in this light, the story appears as "history" of another kind. We are no longer required to believe in a world inundation or a humanity sprung from the loins of Noe.

Elsewhere in the Bible, as in the first book of Maccabees, the genre of biblical history is closer to our modern conceptions. But everywhere it is important to determine the literary form in which the inspired author is writing, whether it be folklore, edifying legend, tribal traditions, strict history. To miss the form is to miss the message.

Probably the most vexing problem for Catholic scholars to handle is that of biblical errors. It shocks many Catholics to hear that there are errors in the Bible. Yet this is so. Equally true, their presence is compatible with biblical inspiration and inerrancy. How is this possible?

The foundations of the explanation were laid long ago in the Thom-

istic principles of instrumental causality. A new appreciation of these principles, and their application to the problems of inerrancy are the recent contributions of biblical science. The explanation runs something like this.

God and man produce the Bible jointly. They are not simply co-authors, each doing a part of the work. Nor does God dictate the whole of it to a human stenographer. God *moves* the author to write and influences him in every phase of the activity needed to produce the finished work. Since the product is God's as well as man's, what the human author teaches, God teaches. That is why the Bible cannot teach error. It is protected by God's veracity.

The human author, however, is a special kind of instrument, a fact only now being appreciated. He is a child of his age, reflecting the mentality, environment, and characteristics of a culture and time far removed from ours. When he comes to write, he has the prejudices and inclinations of his contemporaries. His grasp of physics, anthropology, ancient history, etc. is no better than theirs. In other words, God, in using him as an instrument, uses him as he is. This means the inspired writer expresses himself in the manner of his contemporaries.

One can easily see the problem facing biblical theologians. If the human author often shares the mistaken notions of his neighbors, how does one know when biblical inerrancy is at stake? In the last few years the following principles have been formulated and applied to the latest data of biblical science in an effort to solve the problem.

To determine the teaching of a

truth in the Bible, a teaching which would engage God's veracity, one must discover: (1) from what point of view the author is treating his subject; (2) the degree of affirmation which he adopts in proposing it; (3) the extent to which he expects the reader to assent to his thought. Here enters the distinction between the inspired writer as a private person and as a public author. Of this, Père Benoit says, "This distinction between the private person of an author and his public personality of 'author' is particularly important in the case of the sacred writer, because it is under the second aspect alone, and not under the first, that he is inspired."

PERHAPS it will help to illustrate these principles with a few examples. When the biblical author writes of the sun as rising or of the defeat of Baltassar, the son of Nabuchodonosor, by Darius the Mede, he is giving his personal conviction that these things are so. He does not know that actually the earth moves about the sun, or that Baltassar was really the son of Nabonidus and that Darius the Mede doesn't seem to have existed. Yet since these assertions are irrelevant to the point of view of the hagiographer, he does not teach these errors as an inspired writer. He merely mentions them, as it were, in passing.

Again, St. Paul's epistles indicate that he believed in the imminent return of the Saviour, as did many of his contemporaries. (cf. I Thess. 4, 17; 2 Cor. 5, 3ff.) Yet when he had to commit himself on the question and state what *was* his teaching, he said that no one knows when it will be (cf. I Thess. 5, 1ff.). His personal conviction, at least at one

point, was that Christ would come soon, and as he spoke he reflected this opinion. He did not expect his readers to assent to this view as his official teaching.

We do something of the sort ourselves. We admit when asked, as St. Paul did, that no one knows the day or hour of Christ's return. But when we speak of the future, our words show that we do not expect the second coming of Christ to happen for some time.

"Which came first, the Church or the Bible?" Catholics have always answered, "The Church!" Recent study not only bears this out but emphasizes the role of the Church and the importance of tradition in the composition of the Gospels.

THE process begins in the Acts of the Apostles. In this first Church history, the Apostles are seen carrying out Christ's mandate to preach the gospel to every creature. An analysis of their sermons reveals the pattern of the apostolic *ker-egma*, the preaching of the faith to the non-Christian world. In briefest outline, the pattern they follow in the public presentation of Christianity is this: John the Baptist and his work; the Galilean ministry of Christ; transferral to Judea and Jerusalem; the Passion, Death, and Resurrection. These historical and geographical facts are not merely related but are given their theological significance.

Later, in view of polemic with its Jewish adversaries, the liturgical life of the Church, and the moral exigencies of the faithful, the infant Church filled in this sketch with remembered stories and sayings from the Master's life, as they had come down in oral and written tradition.

Ultimately, the four Gospels fixed this material as we have it, following the same basic outline of the apostolic preaching.

What is in the Gospels, then, is the teaching of the early Church crystallized under the action of the Holy Spirit and transmitted to us in this written form. The same Church which produced the Gospels is at work in the world today, functioning as it did then in obedience to the command of Christ.

Appreciation of the role played by the early Church in forming the Gospels has led some non-Catholic scholars to a new regard for tradition and moved them just that much closer to the Church's teaching.

The above samplings cannot do justice to the extent and vigor of the biblical revival throughout the world. Progress in scriptural studies has been hard-won, at the cost of painstaking research and unremitting labor. All too frequently, the movement has encountered hostility and, what is even more discouraging, apathy from those whose interest in it and sympathy for it should be greatest.

Catholics cannot take exclusive credit for the scriptural revival. It enlists scholars of all religious affiliations and none at all. Co-operation between biblical experts of different religions is closer and on a more friendly basis, at least in this country, than co-operation in any other phase of religious activity. This is possible, because so much of biblical science and its auxiliary sciences is non-partisan.

THE most obvious instance of such co-operation today is the international and inter-denominational "Scroll" team. Centered in Arab-Jerusalem, this group has the task

of preparing for publication the scrolls and fragments found in the Judean desert. Catholic priests and Protestant scholars work side by side in the joint effort to edit the material. Jewish scholars, too, are at work, with the materials in their possession, making the results available to the scientific world.

Co-operation of this sort and the startling advances in exegesis have caused some in the Church to view Catholic scripture scholars with suspicion. No better reminder can be given to them than the words of the late Pope "Let all the other sons of the Church bear in mind that the efforts of these resolute laborers in the vineyard of the Lord should be judged not only with equity and justice, but also with the greatest charity; all moreover should abhor that intemperate zeal which imagines that whatever is new should

for that very reason be opposed or suspected. Let them bear in mind above all that in the rules and laws promulgated by the Church there is question of doctrine regarding faith and morals; and that in the immense matter contained in the Sacred Books — legislative, historical, sapiential, and prophetic — there are but few texts whose sense has been defined by the authority of the Church, nor are those more numerous about which the teaching of the Holy Fathers is unanimous. There remain therefore many things, and of the greatest importance, in the discussion and exposition of which the skill and genius of Catholic commentators may and ought to be freely exercised, so that each may contribute his part to the advantage of all, to the continued progress of the sacred doctrine, and to the defense and honor of the Church."

Song to Mary

by LOLA S. MORGAN

*NOW the green world
is summer-eager
and music-petalled.
Roses shout your name
from every fence, from every yard.
Listen to long grass whisper
the cherished syllables
as late spring rain runs long
arpeggios of love
and skies are shaken by the silver thunder
of your name.*

New Roles for the SUBURBAN PARISH

a more dynamic concept
of parochial responsibility
is going to evolve

interview with
Joseph B. Gremillion

As a youthful pastor in Shreveport, Louisiana, **Father Joseph B. Gremillion** established an ambitious program of adult education in his parish which had an unusually high concentration of college graduates.

In 1955 he attended the White House Conference on Education, and this experience led him to evolve a new concept of what the modern American parish could achieve. Philosopher Jacques Maritain suggested that he keep a diary, and the result was a book, *The Journal of a Southern Pastor*, (Fides, 1957). Then last fall, after fifteen years of practical experience in the parochial ministry, Father Gremillion was sent by his bishop to Rome to "study" the social sciences at the Gregorian University.

Father Gremillion readily admits there is no panacea, no definitive solution for all the pastoral problems of the Church today. But what he says about the goals of parish life is undoubtedly pertinent to many parishes in different parts of the country.

The apostolate at St. Joseph's in Shreveport was a team project, and Father Gremillion's associate for eight years, Father Marvin Bordelon, succeeded him as pastor. Father Gremillion's successor has organized seventeen "little" parishes within the parish on a neighborhood pattern. Last fall he conducted two philosophy classes with forty people in each, while his assistant taught a course in theology to a class of fifty. Recently, daily Mass-goers were learning the Latin responses ordinarily made by the server at Mass so as to participate more directly in the Mass according to the recent Instruction of the Sacred Congregation of Rites (Sept. 3, 1958).

Q. What do you think is "different" about the modern suburban parish?

A. First of all, the predominance of young people. Young married couples prefer the suburbs as a better place than the city for bringing up a family.

Secondly, not only the actual distance but the psychological and social distance of suburbia from the "Irish" neighborhood, the "Italian" neighborhood, and the first generation "urban" immigrant mentality.

Thirdly, the frequent contact of Catholics in suburbia with their non-Catholic neighbors.

And finally, the high percentage of college graduates in many suburban communities.

Q. What do you think these young people want from their local parish?

A. They want a great many things. The parish can loom very large on their suburban horizon. These young people feel a need for many things the traditional parish in the U. S. has not been accustomed to providing. These things are not being provided because in many cases the structure of the modern parish was determined by the

needs of the grandparents or great-grandparents of the present generation. And of course when suburbia mushroomed overnight all anyone seemed to think of was the immediate problem of building a school, convent, church and rectory.

Q. What are the needs of today which you feel the parish will have to meet?

A. In Shreveport we discovered that the average college graduate is not much interested in bingo, benefits, athletics, or even in teaching catechism. He shuns the usual Catholic organizations in the old-fashioned parish because he feels that these organizations are insulated against the realities of the outside world and the problems of the community as a whole.

I myself feel very strongly that the mission of the Church is not just to develop piety in individual souls, but to introduce Christ into the local community, and incarnate Christ into our society and institutions.

Q. How would the parish go about trying to do this?

A. In Shreveport we had a parish of seven hundred Catholic families in an upper middle class, white, suburban area. The economy was more Texan than Old South, much more "Bible Belt" than French Catholic. There are, for instance, only 50,000 Catholics in the northern half of Louisiana as against 500,000 in the southern half of the state. The men of the parish were geologists, engineers, doctors, lawyers, corporation executives, educators, bankers, realtors, sales managers, and retailers.

We took a survey of the parish (including in it the non-Catholic men whose wives were Catholic and whose children were being brought

up as Catholics) and discovered that 60-75 per cent of the men of the parish had been to college. Immediately we knew we could not run the parish as though these men had only been to kindergarten. Then too, we discovered that only 12 per cent of those who had been to college had been to Catholic colleges. Hence, I felt there was a need for parish adult Catholic education.

Q. In other words, you felt there was a new need for the parish to function as an educational force in the community?

A. Exactly. As I pointed out in *The Journal of a Southern Pastor*, French-settled Catholic Louisiana particularly, tends to play down the Church's social teachings. The spiritual and the temporal have been divorced. Sunday Mass has little to do with Monday morning business, long-established social customs or matters that have become political issues. Therefore, we tried at St. Joseph's many different projects to stimulate in our parishioners an intellectual awareness of the practical implications of the teachings of the Church, the social teachings especially.

Q. This sounds like a mighty big undertaking—where did you start?

A. First, I tried to spot ten potential leaders: men in the 28-40 age bracket. I purposely selected busy men. I found that they all had a great interest in problems such as the race question, labor, divorce, slum clearance, RTW laws, big business, and the U.N., yet they had no way of becoming conversant with the social teachings of the Church or current "Catholic" opinion on these subjects. They were acquainted neither with the encyclicals nor with Catholic magazines,

and, of course people today are under pressure not to read.

Q. What did you do with these potential leaders?

A. I tried to cultivate them personally. I visited them downtown where they worked, trying not to interfere with their work, but I wanted to know what they were doing eight hours a day, so as to better understand their problems. I came to appreciate the hard and exacting work many of them were engaged in. I came to admire their creativity. I learned about oil wells. I learned what a turntable was, and bottom hole pressure. I felt that this was important knowledge for me, because as a priest and pastor I was the link between these men and Christ. Then I organized these men into a group.

Q. What was your program then?

A. We met every two weeks for about two years. We started with the problems they were most interested in, worked back to principles, and quickly learned that the principles were either not known or not understood.

I encouraged them to buy copies of Cronin's *Catholic Social Principles*, and subscribe to various Catholic periodicals, especially *Social Order*, published by the Jesuits in St. Louis.

Q. Did this group ever accomplish anything concrete?

A. I think they did. They had been hand-picked, and soon they began to affect the thinking of the local K. of C., the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Of course, solid accomplishment is not always accompanied by "success." One lawyer who had previ-

ously believed that human rights were granted not by God but by the Courts ran for public office and was defeated because he refused to line up with the segregationists.

What was accomplished by this small group encouraged us to try the same kind of thing with a larger group, and we inaugurated our Sunday night "soirees."

Q What did you discuss at these "soirees"?

A. We picked subjects of current interest. Sometimes we investigated philosophical questions or examined the current applications of Christian "humanism."

Our speaker would hold forth for 30-40 minutes and then we would have 90 minutes for discussion, interrupted by a short coffee break.

One night, for instance, a psychiatrist, a mother, a college professor, and two teen-agers participated in an enlightening discussion of parent-child relations. At other soirees we studied the current philosophies of education and government, the causes of labor strife and social tensions, the plight of tenant farmers and migratory workers, the impact of housing, welfare programs and hospitalization plans on the homes of the community.

We even discussed world affairs

Q. Do you think that this "intellectual" program had any effect on the non-Catholics of your parish?

A. I am sure it had an indirect effect, but I think we tend to over-stress the idea of converting people intellectually.

At St. Joseph's we receive about 20-30 converts into the Church each year. However, in spite of the fact that I believe we should pay some attention to ways and means of

reaching the non-Catholic mind, I think we ought not to forget the heart.

Q. What do you mean—heart?

A. I mean that we can make the non-Catholic feel at home in the Catholic community long before he seriously considers becoming a formal member of the Church.

We look down our noses at the Protestant concept of "extending the right hand of fellowship"—we forget that it's much more than mere human fellowship or camaraderie. It is a Christian ideal of charity which must be activated in the Mystical Body.

Notice how "approachable" Christ is in the Gospels.

Q. And you would make Christ in the parish more "approachable"?

A. Yes. For instance, we hold our inquiry classes for prospective converts in what we proudly call the parish living room.

From the very beginning I felt that the parish needed an adequate, homelike meeting place, where there would be comfortable chairs, a modest library, magazines, a coffee bar and an informal atmosphere that would produce a sense of companionship and being-at-ease. It is important to make the prospective convert feel at home even before he becomes a formal member of the Mystical Body through his reception into the Church.

In this respect, a longer catechumenate is necessary today. This is the role of the parish: to attract and dispose the non-Catholic who lives within the parish bounds.

Q. Can you explain this a little further?

A. Yes. When we took the survey

of our parish, notice that we counted in the non-Catholic partners in mixed marriages. We refused to consider them as outsiders, who were no direct concern of ours.

In line with this, we made Baptism an important celebration in the lives of the families of the parish. We encouraged couples to invite non-Catholic friends and relatives to the conferral of the sacrament, and we used the new ritual, trying to make some commentary on the significance of the sacrament and the sacramentals connected with it.

The priest standing at the door of the Church on Sunday greeted the non-Catholics who had been at Mass, and all our sermons, announcements, organizations such as CCD, in fact the entire orientation of the parish, let the non-Catholic relatives, friends, and neighbors of our people know that we regarded them as our parishioners too, and they therefore were the objects of our solicitude and love.

Q. You apparently believe that the parish has a definite responsibility for the non-Catholic living within its bounds?

A. Yes, I most certainly do. In our parish in Shreveport over half the couples living in the parish were involved in mixed marriages. This meant that there was always a number of non-Catholics at Mass on Sunday.

In view of this fact, we felt that the Mass could be used, as it was in the early Church, to instruct the "catechumen." We felt that the liturgy could be used to educate these non-Catholics as well as our own parishioners.

We not only encouraged the congregation to use the missal, but we went on to teach our parishioners to

participate actively in the liturgy by means of the so-called "dialogue" Mass.

Q. Were your parishioners interested in the liturgy?

A. We found that they were hungry for this sort of thing. They were extraordinarily anxious to "participate," and of course this was advantageous for us, because we could use participation in the liturgy both to instruct our parishioners and to give them a feeling of "belonging" to the Mystical Body.

Q. How did you teach your parishioners to participate in the "dialogue" Mass?

A. Nine years ago we introduced the "community" Mass, taking eleven men and training them as a speaking chorus to recite the prayers of the Missal in unison, and with volume sufficient to lead a hesitant congregation.

At Mass the people learned to recite in Latin the short responses such as "*et cum spiritu tuo*" and "*Deo gratias.*" Then, using their missals, they learned to recite (in English) all the parts of the Mass which the choir sings at High Mass in Latin, such as the *Gloria*, *Creed*, etc.

Then we trained "lectors" who would read the parts of the Mass such as the *Introit* and *Collect* and *Epistle* which change with the day. These would be read to the congregation in English while the priest was reading them in Latin, and the lectors incidentally were trained to read intelligently and with conviction.

Q. How long did it take you to teach the people to do all this?

A. It took several years.

Once we had trained the speaking

chorus of men and the lectors, we distributed several hundred copies of Father Stedman's *Sunday Missal* to the congregation, and during the time usually given to the Sunday sermon, we instructed the people, bit by bit, to participate in the Mass.

When the original speaking chorus and the original group of lectors had been instructed, they recruited and trained additional members of the chorus and new lectors.

Q. How did you manage the psalm at the beginning of Mass and the Confiteor?

A. We did not try these in Latin, so we had the lector recite in English the words said by the priest and the congregation responded with the English translation of the words said by the server at Mass.

Q. In other words this was a kind of dialogue between the lector and the congregation, corresponding to the dialogue at the beginning of Mass between the priest and the server?

A. Yes, and this is one of the drawbacks to the "dialogue" Mass. The dialogue seems to be between the lector and the congregation, rather than between the congregation and the priest.

Not that this is really true, or that it strikes people this way immediately, but you have to analyze impressions like this. That's why I'd prefer to speak of the "community Mass" rather than the "dialogue Mass." It's not a dialogue of "two," but the joint worship of parishioners, priest and Christ, united in the Mystical Body.

Q. How often did you have the "community Mass"?

A. At two of the scheduled Masses every Sunday.

Then on weekdays during Ad-

vent, from Christmas to the Epiphany, during Lent, throughout the Easter season and the novena before Pentecost, daily Mass-goers were treated to a five minute homily during the 6:15 a. m. Mass. This homily would be based on the text of the Mass of the day.

Since these people already had a great closeness to the Sacrifice we felt that the dialogue was not as important for them as was this extra thirty minutes of instruction each week.

Q. How has your "community" Mass been affected by the new Instruction of the Sacred Congregation of Rites about the liturgy?

A. Our congregation had been engaged in the first degree of direct lay participation in the Mass envisioned by the Instruction, *i.e.* they were making the easier liturgical responses in Latin.

I understand the daily Mass-goers are now being trained to say in Latin all the responses the server makes. This is the second degree of participation specified by the Instruction.

Q. What about the use of English in your version of the "community Mass"?

A. According to the Instruction, "direct" lay participation in the

Mass means the Latin recitation of some parts of the Mass, but the Instruction allows and encourages "indirect" participation by the laity through English prayers which present the meaning of the Mass prayers and hymns in the vernacular, provided they are in complete harmony with the individual parts of the Mass.

There has been a fairly complete commentary on the Instruction in *Worship* magazine. The Holy See apparently envisages a great variety of forms of participation.

Q. Do you think there will be a trend toward "direct" lay participation in the Mass?

A. Certainly, the new Instruction from Rome indicates that the community Mass is becoming the "normal" thing.

Q. What do you think is going to happen to the parish in America?

A. I am convinced that a more dynamic and far-reaching concept of parochial responsibility is going to evolve in response to the needs of the Church. The average parishioner today is influenced more than he knows by the secular society around him, and it is the responsibility of the parish to restore Christ and His ideas to the lives of its people.



THE liturgy stands today as a central problem of pastoral life. . . . We must enable the faithful to understand the Church's prayer, under pain of seeing them estranged from it. . . . If equal measures of participation cannot be introduced at all the Masses, let a beginning be made where possible. . . . The groups who are to lead this participation will be educated gradually to understand the liturgy and make it their own.

—Pastoral Letter of John Baptist Cardinal Montini, Lent, 1958

Why Choose a Catholic College?

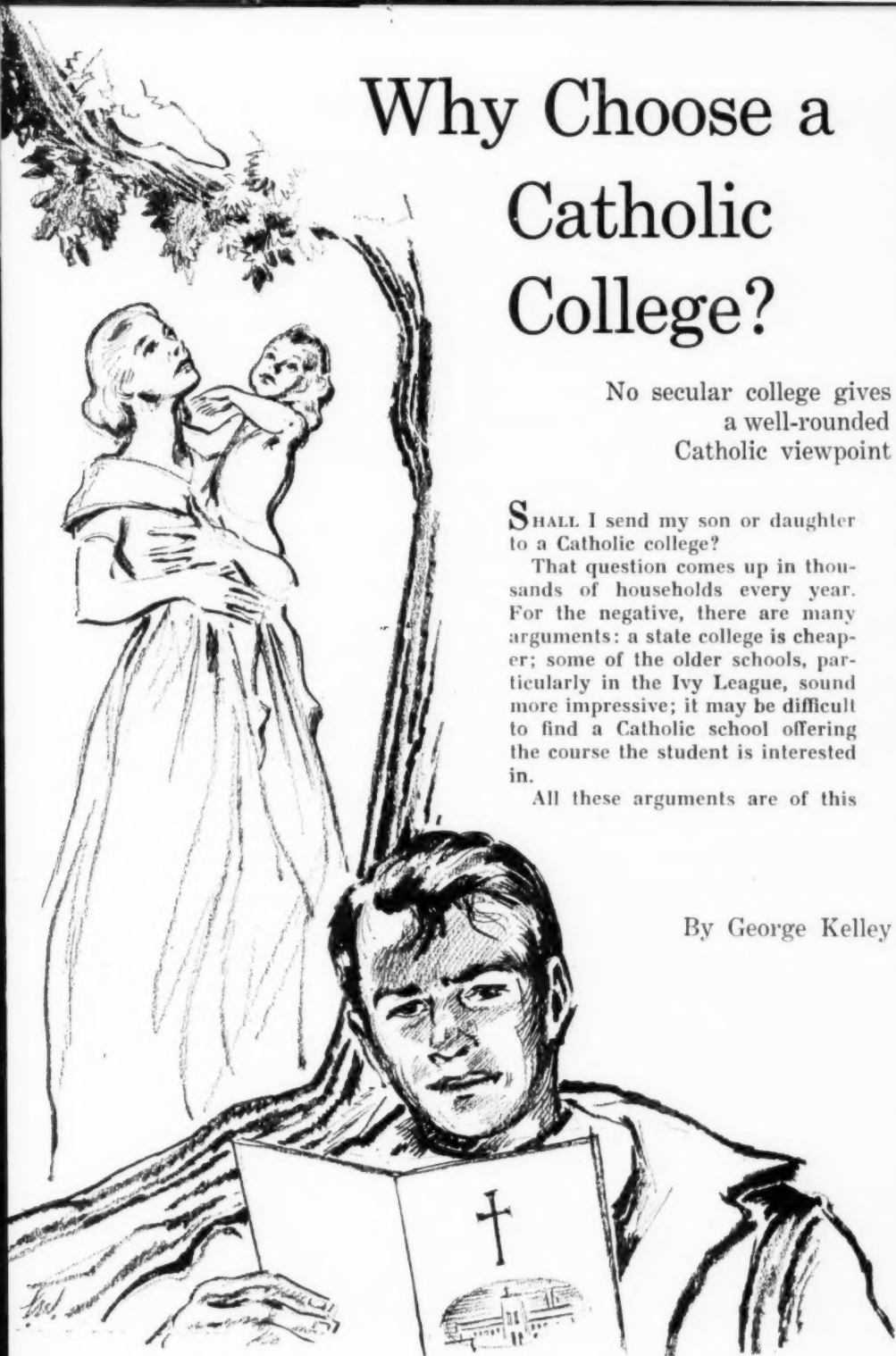
No secular college gives a well-rounded Catholic viewpoint

SHALL I send my son or daughter to a Catholic college?

That question comes up in thousands of households every year. For the negative, there are many arguments: a state college is cheaper; some of the older schools, particularly in the Ivy League, sound more impressive; it may be difficult to find a Catholic school offering the course the student is interested in.

All these arguments are of this

By George Kelley



world. They could easily be answered by the fact that a parent's duty is to prepare his child for eternity, not for the world. However, since people—even Catholics—will be people, it may be worth while to take the short-range viewpoint for the sake of argument, and consider the case as it looks this side of eternity.

One fundamental fact is this: we cannot escape our Catholicism. Most of us, *Deo gratias*, are proud of it. There are some who believe it is to their business advantage to conceal it. There are still others, even graduates of Catholic colleges, who fall from the Faith, but even they seldom succeed in escaping the Catholic heritage which has been handed down to them.

Since we inevitably are known as Catholics, it is especially incumbent upon an educated Catholic to be an intelligent Catholic. Not too many decades ago, Americans reared in the Protestant tradition tended to regard Catholicism as the faith of the ignorant and superstitious, enslaved by a crafty clergy. They disregarded entirely the fact that the culture of which they were so proud had been preserved and transmitted through the medieval monasteries they despised. That attitude has been eroded by several generations of leaders in science, literature, government and business, men who gave daily proof that intelligent men, even outside of the clergy, could be Papists!

Educated Catholics no longer are scarce, but too many of them are educated only in a secular sense; their knowledge of their Faith has not gone beyond their childhood catechism lessons. This is not to deprecate the catechism; it has served admirably to train many

generations of children. But the intelligent adult needs more than the catechism possibly could give him. For his own satisfaction, he needs to appreciate the logical, philosophical and historical reasons for the Faith he holds. To meet the questions which non-Catholics bring up, either in sincere interest or with malicious intent, he needs better grounds for defense of his Church than weekly sermons can provide. To take his place in community life, to be a representative Catholic on committees or boards or commissions, he needs to know the social teachings of the Church and the reasons for those teachings.

ALL this is a formidable program, but it is necessary for the sake of the nation as well as of the individual. Thirty-five years ago a thoughtful Protestant commented that the Church was the only bulwark of the country against the socialism that was fermenting in the colleges. Socialism no longer is the serious threat: today the nation must overcome materialism, secularism, Communism. These unhealthy influences are strongly entrenched in many colleges, and they spread into community life through students who lack adequate defenses which should have been provided in their home, church and school training. The result is especially dangerous when professional men and social workers enter their

A representative Catholic today has to know the social teachings of the Church as well as his catechism. As a newspaperman, **George Kelley** has witnessed the great need for informed Catholics. From the vantage point of his thirtieth college alumni reunion, he evaluates the benefits of a Catholic college education.

careers with their thinking colored by these influences. Only fully educated Catholics can provide the necessary counterbalance in national life.

Adequate Catholic philosophical, economic and sociological education becomes of prime importance when a man or woman is appointed to major public office, to a policy-making commission, or to the judiciary. This is not to say that there should be any attempt to substitute Catholic thinking for national policy or tradition. This is not necessary, for sound American tradition and Catholic thinking have the same solid foundation: respect for the individual and his rights under God, and for the government.

"Screwball" radical tangents have sidetracked some of our American thought, and even some judicial opinions. To check this trend, Catholics who assume heavy responsibility in government need a solid grounding in philosophy and a grasp of the Church's thinking in matters of distributive justice and of social problems. Of course there are differences of opinion among Catholic thinkers on details of these problems: there are rock-ribbed conservatives and there are extreme liberals. The soundly educated man can pick his way through these conflicts orienting his course by the encyclicals. And the Catholic who undertakes a policy-making or judicial position without sound training can be a threat to both his nation and his Church, no matter how devout he may be in his daily life. He may harm the nation by approving unsound policies; he may put the Church in a bad light because his error will be regarded by many as representing Catholic thought.

IN private life, too, the inadequately educated Catholic runs the same risk of misrepresenting his Church. By "inadequately," of course, is not meant that the man is short of credits for his degree; the term is intended to describe the inadequacy of his grounding in Catholic thought.

For example, an attorney who, in his personal life, is a model Catholic, may be called upon to take part in a panel discussion or to give an address on a controversial issue. No matter what precautions he takes to make it plain that he is speaking as a private person or as an attorney, the views he expresses, like those of the public official mentioned above, will be accepted by outsiders as those of an intelligent Catholic, and therefore those of the Church. With the best intentions in the world he may easily give a misleading impression of Catholic thought.

Physicians, especially, need thorough grounding in Catholic philosophy. The Hippocratic oath is being interpreted so often today with a pragmatism that verges on the pagan that a physician or surgeon may be led into accepting methods of examination or therapy which are not consonant with the Church's teaching. There are sensitive areas, dealing with life and death, with some of the most intimate facets of human life. A physician whose basic training has not been thoroughly sound may make decisions or recommendations that will be wrong, or may at least bring him into collision with the clergy.

In many other fields of human activity a good grounding in Catholic thought is necessary. The salesman, the auditor, certainly the editor, the engineer—all of them

have occasions to make decisions which should be based on moral fundamentals. Beyond all this, too, is the prime responsibility of all these men: that of seeing to it that their homes are built on the rock of solid Catholic teaching. They must be ready to advise their children and to answer their questions. No Catholic parent—no parent worthy of a child—wants to give his child anything but the best guidance.

PERHAPS it is heresy to say so, but in my opinion, neither parochial elementary school nor Catholic high school training is so important to the student, the Church and the country as is Catholic college training. Of course the elementary and secondary education are important, and there is no assurance that a student who somehow has missed such Catholic training will wind up in a Catholic college; yet if it were possible or desirable to make such a choice, it should be in favor of a Catholic college.

Millions upon millions of Catholics have lived good, devout lives built upon the catechism and guided by Sunday sermons and the memory of their training at home. By its nature, however, much of this instruction hinges upon authority: that of the Church, that of the teacher, that of the priest. But Catholicism has firm foundations outside of authority. It can meet other doctrines on their own ground, and prevail because of the logic and soundness of its teaching, entirely apart from authority. It is this viewpoint of the Church that is beyond the juvenile or adolescent mind. It is the field of the adult mind, and therefore proper to the college years. It is not taught in

religion classes alone; it is absorbed in philosophy, history, economics, sociology and many other courses. If those outside of the Faith are to respect it (and perhaps be attracted into it), those within the Faith must be ready to show that it is not unreasonable. Appreciation of the authority will follow. Newman Clubs and similar efforts accomplish untold good in affording religious atmosphere and training to Catholics in secular colleges, but secular if not atheistic instructors offer terribly powerful counter-influence!

What is the long-range effect of Catholic college training? Does it last? Recently I had an opportunity to observe the effect among my own classmates, gathered for our thirtieth reunion. We had a good turnout, more than 40 per cent of the members who are still living. It is possible that they did not represent an accurate cross-section of the class; perhaps the absentee 60 per cent included a higher proportion of men who had let their Catholic training tarnish. Yet it does not seem likely that the absentees included any more defectors from their college tradition than would the absentees at any other university reunion. It seems fair to assume, then, that the men who attended the reunion were as representative a cross-section of the class as those would be who attended such a reunion at any university.

In most ways it was a typical alumni reunion. There was reminiscence and story-telling far into the night; there were shouts, laughs and songs until nearly dawn; there was some horseplay; there was plenty of beer and liquor. The atmosphere was by no means monas-

tic. Yet at 9 o'clock one morning, and at 8 o'clock on another, more than two-thirds of the men were on hand for special Masses, and nearly all of them received Holy Communion. Nor was this only by the grace of the relaxed Eucharistic regulations. The score had been almost as good at earlier reunions, when committeemen handling the drinks passed the word, just before midnight, that it was the last chance for those who planned to go to Communion.

The Catholic training had not

brushed off these men. They were alert to the moral and religious implications of current issues. Almost without exception, they were taking an active part in the work of their parishes; some were being called upon to counsel bishops and archbishops. One man, indeed, had got away from the practice of his Faith, but the reunion helped to bring him back to the Sacraments for the first time in more than five years. Even a backslider had found that his Catholic college training paid off.

"Construction No. 4"

(ABSTRACT BY A MODERN SCULPTOR)

by ALICE CLEAR MATTHEWS

*BIRD, ballerina here—not wing,
Not arched and lovely pirouette,
The very motion on the air
Transcribed in form. Lest we forget
The surge, the arc beyond the eye,
The sculptor forged rebellious steel
Into the archetype of grace,
The wave, the sail, the moving keel.
Through wind, through water, and through air,
Through the wide channels of the mind,
Hand and imagination one,
He wrought the furrow left behind
By sweeping movement cleaving air.
Translate it how you will, it stands,
This shining paradox in steel,
Motion immobile from his hands.*

THE POPULATION

**The problem facing
the underprivileged countries
where two-thirds of
the world's people live.**

by Louis McKernan, C.S.P.

IN recent months the Hugh Moore Fund of New York City has distributed more than one million copies of a pamphlet entitled "The Population Bomb." Two million copies will have been distributed by the end of this year.

This 24-page pamphlet says: "The H-bomb is only being stockpiled, the fuse of the population bomb is already lighted and burning." It says the peril is imminent. Prompt action is needed.

What can be done to avert disaster? The pamphlet tells what the government can do, what foundations can do and finally it tells private citizens what they can do about the population bomb. The pamphlet urges them to talk about the problem. It urges them to stimulate discussion of the problem in the organizations to which they belong, send copies of "The Population Bomb" to their friends, write their Congressmen and Senators about it, bring it to the attention of ministers and other influential people, write letters to the editors of newspapers.

Readers of the pamphlet may write to the headquarters of the Fund in New York City for additional free copies of "The Population Bomb," a sample letter to send to editors, a bibliography on the population problem, other pamphlets, recordings on the subject,

BOMB

and a list of organizations in the field.

THIS pamphlet purports to be the joint effort of "a group of business, labor and professional men concerned with the spread of Communism in underdeveloped countries." It carries the endorsements of twelve prominent persons, three of them religious leaders in the public eye: Harry Emerson Fosdick, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam and Reinhold Niebuhr. Niebuhr says extravagantly that the pamphlet is "so persuasive that it might even persuade Catholics to change their doctrine on birth control."

The pamphlet must have been written by an experienced advertising man. It is easy to read. It contains graphs, charts, cartoons. Only 24 pages long, it can be read quickly. It has built-in "sell." It disposes the reader to agree with every assumption made, and there are many in its 24 pages. From the very first sentence: "Hundreds of millions of people in the world are hungry" the reader is disposed to accept whatever is said, without question. No inkling is given the reader that there are certain stubborn facts which have been bypassed by a talented persuader.

FOR instance, the pamphlet says: "*Improvement of living standards*

. . . is impossible without a slow-down in population growth." But is it impossible? Formosa's population skyrocketed from 5.6 million to 11 million during the past ten years. This was a rate of growth faster than that of either mainland China or India. Yet during that period, per capita consumption of food-stuffs on Formosa, exports and national income all increased, and the standard of living went up.

Moreover, what has been done on a small scale on Formosa, Red China is trying to do on a large scale on the mainland. Red China abandoned its birth control program before the end of 1957, and therefore if its great leap forward is successful, it will have dramatically proved that living standards can be bettered without population control.

As a matter of fact, if improvement of living standards is impossible without a slow-down in population growth, living standards could never be raised in any of the underdeveloped Asian countries. Nehru recently said that population

The charge is made that the Church is blocking the solution of the gigantic problems created by population pressures. Here **Father Louis F. McKernan, C.S.P.** says that these problems will not be solved by conscious efforts at population control, but by foreign aid, economic growth, and a coming scientific revolution. Father McKernan is associate editor of **THE CATHOLIC WORLD**.

growth could not be checked in India until there is a rise in the literacy rate and an improvement in living standards.

ANOTHER misstatement of fact in the pamphlet is this: "There is a spreading desire among destitute people everywhere to limit the number of their offspring." It should say that there is no widespread desire to limit their offspring among the destitute people of China and India, and these two countries between them account for over half the annual increase in the world's population. Red China's birth control program met with strong popular resistance, which is one reason it was abandoned. India's birth control program has met with "general laughter, amusement and . . . shyness"—to use Nehru's words in a recent speech. Posters, films, radio, mobile units, clinics, and 250 full-time "educators" have been employed to spread the gospel of birth control in India, but recent surveys showed that fewer than half the couples interviewed had any interest in restricting the size of their families. Moreover, it was found that none of the usual birth-control methods was acceptable to the large majority of rural families. Hence, after three years of the second Five Year Plan, Indian families are still having an average of six children, and Indian males are now being bribed by the government to submit to "voluntary" sterilization.

THE Hugh Moore Fund pamphlet also says "practical experience has shown" that contraceptive methods used in the West are adaptable elsewhere. It does not say exactly where. Japan is the only non-Western country which has substantially

reduced its birthrate. But this reduction was due to abortions, not to birth control. Since 1945 the government has conducted an extensive campaign of birth control propaganda in Japan. The sale of contraceptives was legalized. Clinics were opened. A recent survey, however, showed that contraceptives were being used in milieu where Western influence was strong, but not elsewhere in Japan. It also showed that the number of abortions had increased steadily since 1945, among all age groups. Moreover, in spite of the drop in the birth rate, Japan continues to add one million to its population each year.

THE authors of "The Population Bomb" speak hopefully of "The Pill" which, they say, could be developed fairly soon if research were only given adequate financial support. But is it scientific caution that prevents them from discussing what the possible effects of the discovery of "The Pill" might be?

It is well-known that the same steroid compounds which prevent conception may turn out to be helpful in reducing sterility, thus increasing the birth rate. Moreover, in 1954 Alfred Sauvy, a French scientist, suggested the intriguing and not unreasonable possibility that early discovery of "The Pill" would result in a rapid decline in the population, not of underdeveloped countries, but of Europe, and to such an extent that the very existence of Europe would be threatened. He based his theory on the differing psychologies of East and West, and the fact that without "The Pill" the average birth rate for Europe today is less than half the average birth rate for the rest of the world.

If experience has shown anything, it has shown that population control is possible in underdeveloped countries, only on a small scale and by the use of such barbaric methods as abortion and sterilization. Moreover, social scientists today recognize the fact that birth rates are inevitably affected by factors other than contraception. The 1958 U. N. population report said: "The number of factors which affect social phenomena . . . is so great that to isolate them all and take each into account exceeds the power of the intellect."

PERHAPS the outstanding example of a birth rate affected by cultural factors is the birth rate in Ireland where a relatively low birth rate is maintained without resorting to contraceptive techniques. The birth rate in India could decline sharply if cultural patterns change. In 1951, 94 per cent of the women in India were married at the age of 15. Four out of 5 children were born to mothers under twenty. The birth rate in the United States has been noticeably affected by the age at which women marry. Before World War II, 53 per cent of the women between 20 and 24 were married; by 1955, the proportion was over 70 per cent; now the proportion has dropped to 65 per cent.

Moreover, changing cultural patterns in other backward countries are bound to reduce the birth rate. There would be a decrease in births, for instance, were polygamy to disappear in countries where it is now flourishing. There would likewise be a decrease in the birth rate if canon law were observed and consensual marriages became as thing of the past in the Caribbean area and Central America. It is simply

unscientific to maintain that world population growth, unless checked by contraception, war, famine, or disease, will continue at its present speed.

MOREOVER, the 1958 U. N. population report said that "the illustrative example of Malthus, in which population tends to increase in different proportion than the food supply, has not been borne out by the facts." Malthus said population would outstrip food supply. This has not happened. Today, world food production is increasing twice as fast as the world's population, as the former president of the council of the U. N. Food and Agricultural Organization, Josué de Castro pointed out in *Crosscurrents* (Fall, 1957).

The authors of "The Population Bomb" pander to the most selfish instincts of a materialistic civilization when they say on the first page of their pamphlet: "U. S. taxpayers cannot feed the world. Much as we may wish to help the earth's famine victims, we cannot even dent the problem with dollars." At the present time the U. S. Department of Agricultural is spending a million dollars a day just to store our food surpluses, and farm price supports are near, if they have not reached, an all-time high. Nor is this phenomenon unique to the United States. Fritz Baade, a German economist, has said that within the near future the world's most serious problem will be not the shortage of food but the shortage of people to consume it.

THE authors of the Hugh Moore Fund pamphlet are bent on proving that population control is a necessity now; they have not proved

that conscious population control is even possible on a large scale in the underdeveloped countries which supposedly need it. Meanwhile, Nehru and Mao Tse-tung are acting on the principle that the economic problems of these countries must be solved first.

The Russian delegate to the recent meeting of the U. N. Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East said: "The key to progress does not lie in a limitation of population through artificial reduction of the birth rate, but in the speedy defeat of the economic backwardness of these countries." Conceivably he and Nehru and Mao Tse-tung know more about the Far East than the group of American business, labor and professional men responsible for "The Population Bomb."

THE pamphlet calls for spending on a large scale in a "Point Five Program" to aid the birth control efforts of underdeveloped countries. It calls for spending money for "education." It demands the expenditure of money for research to find "The Pill." It even suggests that the money we are now spending on public health, the control of disease, and for feeding the hungry, would be better spent on population control. But it dismisses in high-handed fashion the mere suggestion that technological progress in the near future might change the present situation completely: "*Our concern cannot be with what could be or might not be done in theory—years from now.*"

Yet every world leader is desperately concerned with what scientists think could be or might be done in theory—years from now. The physical scientists are much more optimistic about the world's food

supply and the future distribution of wealth to now underdeveloped countries than are the population planners. Nor do the physical scientists' speculations concern the too far distant future.

Fortune magazine (April, 1958) predicted it would be "at least" 1970 before a much-sought-after "Pill" would appear on the American market. But at Geneva in 1955, Dr. Homi Bhabha, the Indian atomic scientist, said that within 10-20 years it might be possible to derive virtually inexhaustible supplies of fissionable material from seawater—and fairly cheaply.

When Prime Minister Nehru was asked if he believed that within the near future the practical application of atomic energy might bring about serious economic—and consequently social—changes in India, he replied: "I should imagine that within twenty years fairly big changes can take place. . . . We are spending more on the development of atomic energy than any other country in Asia." This scientific breakthrough alone would alter the population picture because it would enable an underdeveloped country like India to make the great leap forward necessary to cope with a population increase, which after all is proportionally no greater than the population increase now being experienced in the United States.

HOWEVER, the really striking thing about the Hugh Moore Fund pamphlet is that this group of supposedly informed business, labor and professional men could jump to totally unwarranted conclusions about population in the United States, even as they attempt to solve the problems of the world. For instance, they say that the *basic* need

of population control could apply to the United States if our population were outstripping our resources, "as may happen if the U. S. population grows by 100 million in the next 22 years as the U. S. Census Bureau predicts."

Would population control then be necessary? They think it would be. But two authors in *Fortune* magazine (Feb., 1959) think that farmers and businessmen are still much more concerned about over-supply and foreign competition than about shortages. These writers say: "The U. S. could have a population of one billion—and would have, by around 2050, in the rather unlikely event that the growth rate of recent years were the norm in the next century—and be no more crowded than Connecticut is now."

The article in *Fortune* remarks about the noticeable change in the tone of voice in which businessmen and market research executives discuss population growth:—"Perhaps the turning point came one day when the sales manager of some Manhattan baby-food firm learned that the school taxes on his Long Island home were to be raised for the tenth year in a row."

Is this the reason population control is necessary?

MOREOVER, the authors of the Hugh Moore Fund pamphlet remark quite casually that in the past the Roman Catholic Church has shown great wisdom in adjusting its teachings to changing conditions, and therefore its prohibition of birth control may not be unalterable, and as though to suggest that the business of "adjustment" is getting underway, they say: "In the most advanced countries of the West, including the United States, current

vital statistics reveal birth rates of Catholic communicants quite as low as Protestants."

This is simply untrue. The recent survey by Pascal Whelpton, Arthur Campbell, and Ronald Freedman, *Family Planning, Sterility and Population Growth* (McGraw-Hill, 1959) shows that Catholics average about "half" a child more than Protestants, and that the gap is widening to about one child per family in the younger groups.

By the end of this year, two million copies of the pamphlet will be in circulation. But surely Reinhold Neibuhr wasn't serious when he said this 24-page pamphlet might persuade the Church to change its mind about birth control!

How much influence will the Hugh Moore Fund pamphlet have? It is one more sign that the campaign against the Church's position on birth control is being stepped up.

Kingsley Davis in the *New York Times Magazine* (March 15, 1959) said that so far, official thinking in the West on the population problem "has been dominated by obscurantist attitudes dating from the Middle Ages." And a new book, *Birth Control and Catholic Doctrine* by Alvah Sulloway (Beacon Press, 1959) says baldly: "The Catholic Church is the one so far insuperable obstacle to the solution of the world's population problems. On a reversal of its attitude may hang the survival of our own society."

One danger is that this controversy will obscure the real problems created by population growth and allow Americans to forget about the clear and present challenge of the Russian economic offensive in Asia. Birth control is not going to "save" the free world from Communism.



The Subject

by John F. O'Connor

ONE good result of the Communist attacks on the island of Quemoy was the implicit admission by Secretary of State Dulles that there is something lacking in free world assistance to the cause of freedom behind the Iron Curtain. Asked in a press conference on September 30, 1958 whether the United States supports the idea that the free government of China, now on Formosa, is ever going to be able to return to the mainland, he indicated that it would probably never get there on its "own steam" but might well do so in the event of a revolt. The inference of default on the part of the free world was contained in the added assertion that the revolt in Hungary might have been successful if there had been a similar free Government of Hungary: "If you had on the mainland a sort of unrest and revolt, like, for example, what broke out in Hungary, then the presence of a free China with considerable power a few miles away could be a very important element in the situation. *I think that we would all feel that, if there had been a free government of Hungary in existence within a few miles of Hungary at the time when that revolt took place, the situation might have developed in a different way from what it did.*" (*Italics added.*)

It can only be assumed that Sec-

We should strengthen governments in exile
in case the people in their countries revolt . . .

Peoples Can Be Helped

retary Dulles meant a free government with an armed force at its disposal comparable in size and power to the Chinese Nationalist Army, and that it would have been "unleashed" in time to answer the embattled freedom fighters' repeated calls for armed assistance. But whatever he meant, in the face of his statement the question immediately arises as to why there was no free Hungarian Government within a few miles of Hungary when the revolt occurred, and why there is no support for the creation of such a government now, after the need has been thus demonstrated and conceded.

It also remains to be asked why there is no support for the creation of similar free governments for all of the Communist-dominated nations, and why the leaders of those in the divided nations—Formosa, West Germany, South Korea and Viet Nam—are not encouraged and provided with the means to assist their fellow countrymen in the event of revolts in the Communist-occupied areas.

SURELY the lack of support for the creation of such free governments is not due to a belief that the recognized Communist regimes are any more representative of the people than those which are not recognized,

or that revolts cannot be anticipated. As long ago as 1951, two years before the demise of Stalin, Mr. Dulles maintained that the Russian Communist Party was itself "shot through with distrust and suspicion." The situation in the satellite countries, he said, was "even more precarious." "For example," he pointed out, "there is much unrest on the China mainland, and, in Poland and Czechoslovakia the people are forced to accept officials of Russian nationality because the Russian masters cannot find any Poles or Czechs they are willing to trust."

The validity of this view was more than confirmed by subsequent events. Not only were there frequent purges and counter-purges among the Communists themselves, but also the much-publicized anti-Communist riots and uprisings in the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland and Hungary, as well as China and Tibet.

The lack of strong governments in exile to support these movements, moreover cannot be attributed to a scarcity of interested nationals on this side of the iron curtain. Even in 1950, when the post-war escapee movement was only five years old, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, now chief of the United States Mission to the United

Nations, pointed out that there was available a "great mass" of anti-Communist freedom-loving young men from behind the Iron Curtain. . . . "Estimates," he said, "of the number of these men having an effective potential of military service run as high as 2,000,000. One of the greatest living authorities on the subject told me that in case of war the United States could recruit as many of these young men as we could clothe and equip, provided—and he stressed this proviso—we have professional officers in sufficient numbers who spoke their language and knew their customs to organize them into effective military formations and lead them in combat."

IN June, 1956, only four months before the revolt in Hungary, a bill was offered in the Senate under which financial assistance might be given publicly to those émigré groups which are working for the independence of satellite nations. In its support Senator Paul Douglas stated that there are "numerous nationality groups—in the United States as well as in Europe—who are working day and night to aid their countrymen who are now in chains. For the most part," he said, "these groups have little money and their activities are limited by the small amount of private funds which are available to them." He explained, however, that it was not the intention of the bill to incite the people to *inopportune* revolt, but rather to provide a means of assisting any which do occur: "I think I should make it clear that it is not the intention of the amendment to incite armed revolt *at an inopportune time* behind the Iron Curtain, but to keep alive the spirit of resist-

ance and stimulate effective slow-downs, which would have the effect of weakening the economic control of those countries. *Of course, if we can help armed uprisings, we should not shrink from it.*" (Italics added.)

In opposition to this proposal the State Department opined that "certain activities" can "best be undertaken by agencies of the United States Government," while "other steps" can "be most properly carried out through private, non-governmental groups." There would be the "danger," it said, "that such organizations would immediately take on the character and limitations of official operations"; that the "appeal which such activities offer as representative national and private groups of the people of the captive nations would . . . be sacrificed"; and that the administration of the plan would "offer a prime target for Soviet-inspired attacks."

It would appear, however, that similar objections would apply to aid to the free nations; that the appeal to freedom-seeking peoples would be greater if the free nations were less hesitant in granting public support; and that most of the freedom-loving young men from behind the Iron Curtain would prefer to aid their countrymen in revolts against oppression than to await a war in which they will inevitably be asked to defend the free

We should not incite to ill-timed revolutions but we should be ready to help revolutions in Communist countries when they occur. **John F. O'Connor** shows how we can do it. He saw service as an infantry platoon leader in the Aleutians and France in World War II. He has his LL.B. from Harvard Law School, was Assistant General Counsel of the American Smelting and Refining Co., and is now writing a book on aid to the subject peoples.

nations rather than their own homes.

THE lack of free governments of the type to which Secretary Dulles referred, and which might be capable of assuring the success of popular resistance, is not the result of apathy on the part of the subject peoples. It is entirely due to the attitude of the free nations which, during the forty-one years in which the Bolsheviks have been extending their control to more than a billion people, have often talked of aid and liberation, or the encouragement of demands for freedom, but have seldom offered any real assistance. They have insisted that the subject peoples brave the Bolshevik terror to restore freedom, but they have always been afraid to provoke the Bolsheviks themselves. Instead they have sought to curry favors from them, either in the form of assistance in wars with Germany or of the postponement of attacks upon themselves.

Thus in December, 1917 the United States proposed to give financial assistance to the anti-Bolshevik armies of Generals Kornilov and Kaledin. But the First World War was still raging, and it was insisted that the support could not be given "openly" because of the "attitude which it seems advisable to take with the Petrograd authorities [i.e., the Bolsheviks]." Subsequently the British and French did give assistance to nearly all of the anti-Bolshevik armies, but when the war with Germany ended they tempered their aid with advice to make peace. As Winston Churchill said, there was a "complete absence of any definite or decided policy among the victorious Allies."

In May, 1919, when it seemed that

the free government of Admiral Kolchak would be victorious, the President of the United States, together with the representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, offered to assist him "with munitions, supplies and food" upon receipt of "definite guarantees" that his policy had "the same objects in view as that of the Allied and Associated Powers." In June, 1919, when the guarantees were received, the five plenipotentiaries replied that they were "therefore willing to extend . . . the support set forth in their original letter." But by this time Kolchak's armies were in retreat and instead of carrying out their promise they began to cut him off. As Churchill stated three months later: "Since that date, the withdrawal of all support from him has been continuous."

IN 1924 there was a revolt in Georgia, the birthplace of Stalin, which was comparable in many ways to the recent revolt in Hungary. When the League of Nations was asked for assistance the following resolution was adopted: "The Assembly, having considered the situation in Georgia, invites the Council to follow attentively the course of events in this part of the world, so that it may be able to seize any opportunity which may occur to help in the restoration of this country to normal conditions by any peaceful means in accordance with the rules of international law."

This was the same resolution which the Assembly had adopted when Georgia was originally invaded three years before. Others were rejected as too "provocative." The effect was not dissimilar to that of the action taken with respect to

Hungary more than thirty years later, by the General Assembly of the United Nations.

AT the beginning of the Second World War numerous pledges were made to the exiled governments of Eastern Europe. Among these were the statements made in the Atlantic Charter and the Declaration by United Nations — to which several of such governments were parties. How these pledges might have been carried out was indicated during the first two years after the partition of Poland by Hitler and Stalin. In September, 1939, when the Polish Government was driven into exile, Secretary of State Cordell Hull declared: "Mere seizure of territory . . . does not extinguish the legal existence of a government. The United States therefore continues to regard the Government of Poland as in existence. . . ."

Two years later, although still at "peace" with the aggressors, the United States extended lend-lease assistance. The President made an announcement and an official press release was issued: "Polish troops are now training in Canada for action overseas. Under the President's order, machine guns, submachine guns, rifles, artillery equipment, trucks, and other supplies will be sent to these troops in the near future.

"The President stressed the importance of this new aid to the Government of Poland as a continuing expression of 'the policy of the United States to extend aid to all who resist aggression.'"

Nevertheless, in 1945, this same government was abandoned in favor of the Communist-dominated regime which the United States and Great Britain approved in negotia-

tions with the Soviets at Yalta and Moscow.

SIMILAR strong attitudes were taken with respect to the rights of the other peoples of Eastern Europe, only to be abandoned in the now familiar fashion. Yugoslavia, whose free exiled government was also recognized and supported throughout the war, was required to accept a Communist regime which the Department of State described as containing "just enough participation of the Government in exile to facilitate recognition by other governments." Even in the act of recognition Marshal Tito's regime was reprimanded for having failed to live up to its pledge to hold a "free and untrammelled election."

Although the United States had pledged itself never to recognize "any government imposed upon any nation by the force of any foreign power," recognition was likewise soon extended to the puppets installed by the Soviet Union through the elimination of the democratic parties of Rumania and Bulgaria, and the forcible ejection of the freely elected government of Hungary.

In July, 1941 President Roosevelt had praised "the courage and ability of the armed forces and political leaders of Czechoslovakia," who, he said, "organized themselves abroad to continue the struggle for the re-establishment of liberty in their country." But in 1948, when their re-established liberty was destroyed "by means of a crisis artificially and deliberately instigated" and the use of "methods already tested in other places," recognition was readily transferred to still another Soviet puppet. A weak effort was made to obtain United Nations investigation,

but the free delegate of Czechoslovakia was dropped, and the credentials of his puppet successor accepted without demur.

It is not necessary for the free nations to declare war in order to give the support which was pledged to these nations. Even before it became a belligerent in World War II the United States freely granted recognition, arms and financial assistance to nearly all of the exiled governments which opposed the Nazis. Now, however, the United States is unwilling even to give the subject peoples a hearing in the United Nations. This was clearly stated after the suppression of the revolt in Hungary, when Ambassador Lodge was criticized for the failure of his government to take stronger action—in particular for the failure to demand a hearing in the Assembly for Miss Anna Kethly. She was the lone escaping cabinet member of the free government briefly established in Budapest, but in his reply he stated: "No one is permitted to address the Assembly in his *private capacity*. There is not a chance in the world that a majority of the Assembly would allow the *political "outs"* of a country, however meritorious their case may be, to use the United Nations General Assembly as a platform." (Italics added.)

When their leaders are thus abandoned and deprived of public assistance there can be no effective movement for freedom by the subject peoples. Certain it is that so long as the victims of aggression are regarded merely as "political outs" who can speak only in a "private capacity," especially in the United Nations, which is supposed to be their particular source of redress,

there is small chance for the survival of free government anywhere, either inside or outside of the Iron Curtain.

On the other hand, when the free nations agree to support by deed the principles which they so often espouse by word, there will be the surest guarantee of freedom everywhere. This is indicated by another statement made by Ambassador Lodge: "We think that it is humanitarian to take a step which may free a man from being oppressed. We think it is just as humanitarian to take steps to provide people with international law, justice, and morality as it is to take steps which will put food in their stomachs and give them medicines to cure their illnesses."

The free governments of the divided nations—West Germany, China, South Korea and Viet Nam—have been prevented by various types of international agreements even from preparing to aid resistance. Nevertheless the mass defections from the Communist-dominated areas clearly indicate the attraction which free governments of their own nationality possess for the subject peoples, and the possibilities perhaps, even for peaceful transition inherent in Mr. Dulles' suggestion. Within a few months after the partition of Viet Nam nearly a million persons fled from north to south. Over three million have fled from north to south Korea, and a similar number from east to west Germany. In the case of China it has been impossible for the small island of Formosa to absorb the stream of refugees, of whom there have been more than four million since 1949. Of these, 1,600,000 are on Formosa and another 1,300,000 in Hong Kong.

THE three million escapees from East Germany represent one-seventh of its entire population, which in 1957 was estimated at less than 18,000,000. Those from North Korea represent more than one-third of the estimated original population of 9,000,000. The devastating effect of a corresponding evacuation of the other Communist-ruled countries can readily be imagined. Even if never "unleashed," the mass deterrent power would be sufficient, perhaps, to prevent any Soviet attempt to suppress new revolts, and if it was possessed by all Communist-dominated peoples there would be no chance for the use of armed forces of one Communist-dominated nation to suppress another.

When One Is Left

by ROBERT G. HOWES

*WHEN one is left
and one is gone,
the house
is full of silences,
not silences like trees
where only winds have been,
but human silences
yearning for familiar noise
like feet on stairs,
like love.*

*When one is left,
and one is gone,
fiction fails,
and age
is face to face
with mirrors of itself;
and vacancies
are in the house,
sobbing
in the empty ears of memory.*

*When one is left
and one is gone,
it takes courage
strong as saints
to hold the faith
of future things.*

Parental Rights Under Fire

*When can the State
interfere with parental authority
based on religious convictions?*

by William Carley

LAST March a man in Wayne County, Ohio was thrown in jail. His offense — refusal, on religious grounds, to obey a court order. The order demanded that he either place his son in school for ninth and tenth grade education or turn him over to state authorities for schooling.

Thus was raised one of the touchiest civil rights issues now confronting the nation. The sacred First Amendment guarantee of the free exercise of religion, and the fundamental Fourteenth Amendment liberty of parents to bring up and educate their children are both involved! Where do these rights end and where does the State's power to curtail both of these rights, and to compel education of those children begin?

On the answer to this question depends, to a broad extent, the future of religious freedom, the freedom of choice in education and perhaps even the future of the American educational system. For the case of the man in Wayne County, Ohio raises fundamental issues which are even now being argued through the state courts of the land and which could soon reach the

U. S. Supreme Court for final decision.

The man who raised the issue in Ohio is John Hershberger, one of the stolid, austere Amish farm folk of the state who hold that education beyond the eighth grade is a waste and a danger. It is enough, the Amish farmers believe, that a child learn to read, write and cipher. But this stubbornly held tenet of the strict, old-fashioned sect runs squarely into an Ohio law requiring children to remain in school until they are sixteen.

When stocky, 46-year old John Hershberger refused to obey the law, the Wayne County juvenile court ordered that his son be placed in a state home so the boy would go to school. John took his son out of the court's jurisdiction into an Amish settlement in Pennsylvania. Brought back before the Ohio court soon after he returned, John was told by the judge he would avoid punishment if he surrendered his child.

Replied Hershberger: "I couldn't give up my son. It's against my scriptures."

So Judge Donald Young, cloaked

with the majesty of the law, ordered the Amishman locked up until the boy was turned over to the state children's home.

John Hershberger has appealed to higher courts, but two statements by which Judge Young justified throwing him into jail bear scrutiny now.

In considering whether parental control over the education of children could be involved in religious beliefs, Judge Young said: "We must render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. And today we're dealing with Caesar."

Or more bluntly, religion is what Judge Young thinks it is—anything else comes under the full coercive powers of the State unless otherwise excepted.

Yet the U. S. Supreme Court in *West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette* has declared that "if there is any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion or other matters of opinion, or force citizens by word or act to profess their faith therein. If there are any circumstances which permit an exception, they do not now occur to us."

Judge Young, though, apparently has an answer for this ruling: "Religious convictions do not stand against an order of this court."

The First Amendment of the U. S. Constitution reads in part: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ."

THE issue was handled more delicately, if not more liberally, by the

Superior Court of Pennsylvania. In 1951 that court, in *Commonwealth v. Beiler*, at least clearly recognized that sincere religious beliefs were involved. In outlining the situation, the court noted that the "Amish are our 'plain' people, a quiet, pious, industrious, thrifty people, whose vitalizing contributions to the welfare, and especially to the development of the (state's) agricultural resources have always been gratefully recognized. Their ancestors came to Pennsylvania in response to William Penn's personal invitation and his promise of religious liberty. They adhere, devoutly and unchangingly, to the strict and literal interpretation of the Dortrecht Creed, a confession of faith adopted at Dort, Holland, in 1632, by the followers of Menno Simons, the founder of the Mennonite Church from which sprang the Amish under the leadership of Joseph Amman. Upon it they have patterned their lives, and followed it, consistently, conscientiously and faithfully."

The court quoted the Dortrecht Creed: "The people of God . . . should not turn to such as have been educated in universities, according to the wisdom of man, that they may talk and dispute, and seek to sell their purchased gift for temporal gain; and who according to the custom of the world do not truly follow Christ in the humility of regeneration."

Pennsylvania also took cogni-

Though his religious belief forbids education beyond the eighth grade, John Hershberger was jailed by an Ohio judge for not sending his son to school for the eighth and ninth grades. **William Carley** shows that this case raises fundamental issues regarding parents' rights. Mr. Carley looks forward to his degree in political science, his special interest being constitutional law.

zance of several biblical quotations and a statement to the court by the ruling bishops of Mr. Beiler's church which explained their creed. "We believe," the bishops said, "that our children should be properly trained and educated for manhood and womanhood. We believe that they need to be trained in the elements of learning which are now given in the elementary schools. Specifically, we believe that our children should be trained to read, to write and to cipher. We believe that our children have attained sufficient schooling when they have passed the eighth grade of the elementary school. We believe (when . . . our children have passed the eighth grade that in our circumstances, way of life and religious belief, we are safeguarding their home and church training in secular and religious beliefs and faith by keeping them at home under the influence of their parents."

YET the court ruled that the Amish children must attend, not just the first eight grades of school, but the ninth and tenth as well.

The 1951 Pennsylvania court, however, based its decision on two rather shaky principles, both enunciated by the same body a year earlier in *Commonwealth v. Bey*. The first was that the State, not the parents, has the primary authority over children; the second, apparently that a religious conviction could be contravened when the State functioned with "reasonable" relation to a purpose within its competency. Both principles, and their sources, call for examination.

In determining that the State, and not parents, hold prime authority over children in education, the Pennsylvania court in the *Bey* case

held: "In this realm, the right of the State is superior to that of the parents." The court admitted only one limitation. "Parents cannot be compelled to send their children to public schools exclusively."

The U. S. Supreme Court has held a different opinion. In a classic case, *Pierce v. Society of Sisters* (1925), the court staunchly upheld the full primacy of parental rights over the education of children. In that case the state of Oregon had passed a law decreeing that all children must attend only public schools. The law effectively abolished private and religious schools. The Supreme Court, however, struck the law down, stating: "We think it entirely plain that the act . . . unreasonably interferes with the liberty of parents and guardians to direct the upbringing and education of children under their control. . . . The child is not the mere creature of the State; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

Again, in *Prince v. Massachusetts*, the Supreme Court declared: "It is cardinal with us that the custody, care and nurture of the child reside first in the parents, whose primary function and freedom include preparation for obligations the State can neither supply nor hinder."

In other words, while the State may have an interest in children, the parents have the first interest. The State is for the people, not the people for the State.

THE second question is, when can the State interfere with parental rights, particularly where religious convictions are involved? When can a parent's paramount right to

guide his children in accord with his religious convictions be subjected to the State's secondary right and interest in the welfare of the community and the children?

Under the second principle apparently held by the Pennsylvania Superior Court in the *Bey* case, the State can interfere with such rights whenever it acts with reasonable relation to purposes within its competency. In the *Bey* case, Mohammedans had refused to send their children to school on Fridays as those days were, for them, holy days. But the Pennsylvania court ordered the children into school on the premise that "there is no interference with religious liberty where the state *reasonably* restricts parental control, or compels parents to perform their natural and civil obligations to educate their children." (emphasis added) Or in short, the State can interfere with parental guidance based on religious convictions whenever it acts for what can reasonably be determined as the good of the community or the children.

Now it is true that when religious convictions are not involved, the State may sometimes interfere with parental control merely on the grounds of reasonableness. But when the "reasonableness" test is applied to laws restricting the exercise, not merely of parental authority, but of parental authority grounded on religious convictions, then the scope of the "reasonableness" test begins to narrow.

The U. S. Supreme Court in *West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette* stated that "the right of a state to regulate, for example, a public utility may well include, so far as the due process test is concerned, power to impose all of

the restrictions which a legislature may have a 'rational basis' for adopting. But freedoms of speech and of press, of assembly, and of worship, may not be infringed on such slender grounds. They are susceptible of restriction only to prevent grave and immediate danger to interests which the state may lawfully protect."

MORE recently the grave evils which alone can justify a curtailment of religious freedom were noted by Justice Murphy dissenting on the U. S. Supreme Court bench in *Prince v. Massachusetts*. "If," he said, "the right of a child to practice its religion in that manner is to be forbidden by constitutional means, there must be convincing proof that such practice constitutes a grave and immediate danger to the State or to the health, morals or welfare of the child. . . . The vital freedom of religion which is of 'the very essence of the scheme of liberty' cannot be erased by slender references to the State's power to restrict the more secular activities of children." . . . "Nor can parents or guardians be subjected to criminal liability because of vague possibilities that their religious teachings might cause injury to the child. The evils must be grave, immediate, substantial."

In short, no state may interfere with parental authority based on religious grounds merely when its legislature decides this or that is "reasonable." A state may step in only when there is a clear and present danger of some substantive evil. For to erect a lesser protection than the clear and present danger test in this vital area of parental religious rights and responsibilities is to open the door to any and all so-

called "reasonable" interference by the State, perhaps even State indoctrination of children to insure "unity."

As for Supreme Court citations alleging a state's right to compel education, all these are only dicta. Never has the court squarely confronted the issue of a parent's right, in opposition to a contrary state law, to withdraw his children from school after eighth grade because of religious convictions. Moreover, many of the citations alleging that parents must bow to the state in such a situation are from cases decided in the early part of the century when the liberal "clear and present danger" doctrine had not yet won its present firm standing.

Finally, the Fourteenth Amendment reads in part: "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law." In two outstanding cases (*Pierce and Meyer v. Nebraska*) the U. S. Supreme Court has construed "liberty" to include parents' rights to school their children according to the dictates of their consciences in spite of contrary state laws.

The question now is, if Amish farmer John Hershberger refuses to let his son continue through the ninth and tenth grades, will such action constitute a clear and present danger either to the nation or to the children? Will the country lose its intellectual vitality, the children an education which could make them better citizens?

THERE will probably be no great danger to the nation. There are in the United States only about 162,000 members of the Mennonite Church, the body from which the Amish sect sprang. The Mennonite Church it-

self is split into over a dozen sects, each autonomous, and many of which do not feel that ninth and tenth grade education is contrary to their religious scruples. And the particular Amish church which has contested the education law for ninth and tenth grade schooling numbers only about 17,000 members. It is obviously doubtful that any grave danger would result if the relatively few children of these people withdrew from the two higher grades which are now jammed with almost seven and a quarter million students.

As a matter of fact, *Time* magazine reports that "more often, tolerant schoolboards ignore the Amish boycott of high schools, or make senseless obeisance to the law's letter by letting Amish school children repeat the eighth grade over and over."

In other words, to a substantial extent the children have already been withdrawn without discernible harm to the nation.

However, a second question of clear and present danger remains. Would the exempted children gravely suffer? In the Amish case, the parents say no. To train children to lead the simple farm life, almost monastic in practice, requires no more than eight years in school they say: "We believe that our children should be properly trained and educated for manhood and womanhood. . . . We believe (when) . . . our children have passed the eighth grade that in our circumstances, way of life and religious belief, we are safeguarding their home and church training in secular and religious belief and faith by keeping them at home under the influence of their parents."

And who, it can be asked, is to

say they are wrong? Were the Amish children noted as juvenile delinquents, or their parents reputed as village drunkards, there would be less room for dispute. But the sober, hard-working Amish are, and always have been, almost universally held to be thrifty, conscientious and of high moral character. As for secular abilities, they and their children have for years brought in crops that are among the best in the Ohio-Pennsylvania area. Who is to say that under such circumstances the State has a right to take the children away from their parents and thrust them into secular schools to insure a "better" education?

THE answer is—no one. Here there is no clear and present danger of a substantive evil, either as regards the state or as regards the children. The State has no justification for interference.

Two Supreme Court statements summarize the problem with precision.

"History teaches us," Justice Stone once wrote, "that there have

been but few infringements of personal liberty by the State which have not been justified, as they are here, in the name of righteousness and the public good, and few of which have not been directed, as they are here, at politically helpless minorities." "That the State may do much," the court added, "—go very far indeed, in order to improve the quality of its citizens, physically, mentally and morally is clear; but the individual has certain fundamental rights which must be respected. . . . ['Good' actions] cannot be coerced by methods which conflict with the Constitution—a desirable end cannot be promoted by prohibited means."

I take it that John Hershberger's action, though perhaps not the wisest in the eyes of some, is nevertheless constitutional. The court order that jailed the Amish father seems to violate both the First Amendment freedom of religion and the Fourteenth Amendment guarantee of an individual's right to bring up his children according to his religious beliefs. The conviction should be reversed.



She said slowly: "You don't look like a friend of the devil. . . ."

THE VISIT

by Rosalie Lieberman

THE woman on the mule smiled to herself as she rode slowly down the dusty Spanish road. Illness and hardship and struggle she had had in her forty-seven years. And now, she rode toward the Bishop's house to ask his leave to make the hardship and struggle greater. Illness—well, that was up to His Majesty as to whether her body should be tormented more or not.

The June day was warm and the coarse habit needled her skin.

It did not seem so long ago since she had left her father's house to take this same rough habit. But measured in years, there had been twenty-seven since she'd separated herself from the world and flung herself into the order of Carmel.

The nun smiled again at the way her mind phrased her vocation. The phrasing was correct, and yet it contained far from the accepted definition of a vocation. Her senses had not led her into the cloister. Taste for good food—delicacies, even the luxury of intense friendship—the texture of satin—golden to the touch—all these she had loved.

But her intellect—that was what had brought her to the Convent of El Encarnación. She knew what she knew. The soul had but one destination. It must be prepared for its final journey. And that could best be done in a place where food was coarse, where silence was nearly

continuous, where daily dress and burial shroud were one and the same mud brown.

THAT was what she had expected to find within the cloister. But inside its walls, her soul had been earthquake. She'd known of course, that the original rule of the order had been mitigated. But how could she have foreseen without living there that the nuns had drifted so far away from the first rule as to make the road to God thorny beyond bearing—and (her common sense stepped forward) beyond necessity?

The convent was filled with the daughters of the wealthy merchants of Castile. And around their life in El Encarnación, like ruffles on a dress, lay parts of their old life.

The convent gardens often buzzed with the loud talk of visiting friars and abbots and aristocratic ladies. And the nuns' voices were among them.

She had endured the laxity for over twenty years. But now in this year of 1562, it could be supported no longer. His Majesty Himself had told her what to do. And she was on her way across the walled town to the Bishop's house there to plead with him to help her restore the primitive rule. Wherever she turned her eyes, she saw the mountains. She must appear before the Bishop like one of those mountains—im-

movable in her request because God Himself had commanded her. From now on, there must be no meat in the convent. The long fast must be restored . . . and true silence, so that only the song of souls could be heard. That was the way to true poverty. And from this poverty, would spring the riches of the soul.

THE nun smiled a little to herself. Austerity did not mean the absence of joy, as she well knew. Actually, if the Bishop granted her request to bring back the unmitigated rule, she hoped on certain feast days to allow the nuns to pour forth their joy by dancing the simple dances they had known before they entered the convent . . . by playing the old guitar she had found when she entered the cloister: it had been left behind by the owner of the property before it became a convent. Today, was such a feast day. But back at El Encarnación, there was no song or dance of joy. There was only idle chatter in the garden—the clatter of frivolity.

The nun patted the mule's back. "Juniper," she said, "we are both thirsty. That house ahead—see—it's not far. We'll stop there and beg a cup of water."

The mule went a little faster almost as if he understood the nun.

The small stone house stood just a few feet away. It was a poor house—the nun could see that at a glance . . . no curtains hung at the windows . . . no goat stood in the tiny yard whose soil lay cracked and parched—like our lives at El Encarnación, the nun thought.

She dismounted and walked energetically up the small path which led to the door. She knocked, and, in answer, heard slow, shuffling steps coming toward her.

THE door opened. A tiny woman stood there, dwindled with age. Her eyes were lusterless—her body so bent that she seemed in a perpetual attitude of bowing. In her hand, she held a scrub brush foaming with soap.

"I have come to beg a cup of water for myself and my mule," the nun said.

The woman nodded, at the same time glancing curiously at the nun.

"I am Dona Alamán," the woman said. "You are welcome to water. Come in. But step carefully around my floor. I don't want it dirtied again."

The nun smiled, lifted her skirts slightly and danced with agility around the scrubbed spot.

"Well," said the old woman leading the nun into the sparse kitchen, "you seem a lively sort."

"I cannot be otherwise," answered the nun.

"Ah," said Dona Alamán, "there is much I don't understand of life. And I fear I don't understand you. Here is your water." And she handed the nun a pewter cup.

"Thank you," the nun said, drinking the water with relish.

THE two words sounded almost foreign to Dona Alamán. She had never heard them spoken like that. For the nun had said them not as a mere politeness, but with the courtesy with which, the woman reasoned, they were intended to be said.

The woman recognized the traveler as the nun from town who had a sinister reputation. But she was on God's errand and she left peace in Dona's soul. *Rosalie Lieberman* has done editorial work for Warner Brothers and Twentieth-Century-Fox and is author of *Heaven Is So High* (Bobbs-Merrill) and *The Man Who Sold Christmas* (Longmans, Green).

"Now," said the nun, "before I water my mule, will you allow me another kindness?"

"Why yes," said Dona Alamán, "if I can. What is it?"

"Give me the scrub brush. Allow me to finish doing your floor."

"You joke," said Dona Alamán. "I am used to such work. Since my husband died two months ago, I am servant to the Escamillos who live there." She pointed out the window to the top of the hill.

"Well," said the nun. "I, too, am used to such work. Hard work and I are old friends." And she took the brush from Dona Alamán's hands.

"Ah," said the woman, taking off her apron, "if this will fit you, use it. Do not soil your habit."

The nun tied the apron around her waist with a swift, sure movement. It fitted, because though she herself was not young, she was still slim. She dropped to her knees in the easy familiarity of daily action and began to scrub briskly. She finished quickly — stood up — untied the apron and handed it back to Dona Alamán.

"Now," said the nun, "let's water my mule Juniper."

"I thank you for finishing my floor," said Dona Alamán. "And there is a spring behind the house. Your mule can water there. But you know," she said in a sudden spurt of curiosity, "you puzzle me. What is a nun doing outside the convent at all? Tell me that, my thirsty visitor!"

"Well," said the nun, "I don't blame you for being puzzled. I myself am a little surprised that I've been allowed to take this journey. But when His Majesty approves, nothing and no one can go against you."

"Oh," said Dona Alamán, "you

talk in riddles. The King doesn't bother himself with the likes of you and me. And you know that well enough."

"The King I speak of is not in a palace. He is here in this room — everywhere — even at El Encarnación."

"El Encarnación? The Carmelite convent?" asked Dona Alamán?

"Yes."

"Then you should *not* be out. You are going against the rule. I myself know that," said Dona Alamán. "The daughter of the Escamillos — she is at El Encarnación and she cannot get out. How is it that you can?"

"Come," said the nun. "I do not have time to lose. I am on my way to the Bishop. But while Juniper drinks, I will tell you what I can."

DONA ALAMÁN shrugged her shoulders. "I say again, there is much I don't understand of life. And least of all a nun riding on a mule's back."

Juniper bent down gratefully toward the water.

"Well," said the nun, "I will admit at once that I am as surprised to be here as you are to have me. But Mother Prioress has finally given me permission to make this journey." The nun smiled again, her mouth moving easily into a gentle curve. "I suspect," said the nun, "that Mother Prioress may be glad to get rid of me even for the time this journey takes. And if the Bishop should grant my request, then I think Mother Prioress might really be pleased. I have caused her and the rest of the community quite a little trouble in the twenty odd years I've worn the habit."

The old woman caught her breath in shock, and stepped back from the

nun. "Oh my God," she said, and trembled a little as if a cold wind had stirred inside her body. "I think . . . I am sure of it. I know who you are." She swayed a little with her frightening knowledge. "Go now—at once," she said. "I've enough sins on my conscience without adding another to them."

"I will add to your sins?" the nun asked humorously. Dona Alamán flung out her ropey veined hands in exasperation. "There's no use pretending with me," she said. "You're the one they talk about in this town. Yes, even Father Sebastian talks. It's not every day we in our town have a woman who does. . . ."

"Does what? Dona Alamán?"

Dona Alamán spit the words out. "Consorts with the devil," she said, paling as she spoke.

"Oh," said the nun. "Don't let that frighten you. It is only talk."

"Talk you may call it," Dona Alamán said. "But true talk, if I'm any judge. Father Sebastian would not lie. And now please, you will leave my house." Dona Alamán squinted into the nun's face with fear—moved slightly away—then stepped nearer the nun again "I cannot understand what I see," she said slowly. "You don't look like a friend of the devil. . . ."

"And I *am* not," answered the nun. "God has graced me with visions. It is God, you see, and no one else. Once I saw my own place in hell should I not amend my life. I do not ask for the visions. I do not even want them. But His Majesty grants them. And I see what I see not with my eyes, but with my soul."

"You have been called a twin to the devil," Dona Alamán went on. "And yet," she said, puzzlement threading through her words, "you

speak as if you were at peace."

"I don't fear the devil," said the nun. "Why, even if he should come and tempt me all I need say is, 'Come on.' I am God's servant. Let me see what you can do to me. He does nothing, Dona Alamán. He can do nothing when God's name is spoken. He cannot take away my vision of hell—nor my vision of heaven." The nun's strong, slim hands patted the mule's back. "Come, Juniper," she said. "Your thirst is quenched. Now we must be on our way to the Bishop."

SHE mounted the mule and was about to turn onto the road again, when Dona Alamán stopped her. "Your eyes," said the old woman. "I have never seen the like of your eyes. They are so dark and yet so bright . . . as if even now, they saw more than this poor house and me and the mountains ahead."

"I see the beauty of poverty," said the nun. "It is for this I go to plead with the Bishop . . . that he will allow me to live in far greater poverty than I have ever done. Yes, and a few young nuns who want to join me."

"I understand you less and less," Dona Alamán said. "Why should you want less than you have? I am poor. But I do not like it—nor will I ever."

"Ah," said the nun. "You may speak for the present. But no one can speak for the future. The less you have of possessions—of chairs and books—clothes—even food, the easier it is to gather to yourself the riches of God."

"You speak of God quite intimately," said Dona Alamán.

"Indeed," said the nun. "And why not? We have been friends these many years."

DONA ALAMÁN looked into the nun's face. Peace lay soft upon it. The nun sat erect on her mule—a beggar on her way to the Bishop. And yet, she seemed somehow more than a beggar.

"Thank you for the water," the nun said.

"That is nothing at all. But what is your name? Those who talk of you do not call you by name."

"Teresa," said the nun.

"And where do you come from?"

"Why, from this very town of Avila itself," said the nun. And then she rode off singing a gay little folk song. She waved to Dona Alamán, and the old woman waved back.

Dona Alamán walked energetically for her years back into her kitchen. She found herself humming the same little song the nun had left singing. She had known the melody since she'd been a child. As she prepared her meal of potatoes, she felt almost gay. She could not explain her mood. She only knew that around the edges of her mind, there were little dartings of light. And she felt that if she turned them on her soul, she might begin to understand a little about the nun who must now be nearing the Bishop's house.

As Dona Alamán looked at her poor kitchen, she began to see more than the old chairs and the table and the dishes. She saw also the shafts of sun which lay on the floor—the table—the chairs. And yes, she mused filling the pewter cup from which the nun had drunk, "you too, would have the sun in you if you weren't so dull to start with."

IT was strange to feel the small pleasures of the senses peaked, as they had been, when she was young. It was hard to believe that a nun shut up in El Encarnación could have brought back this kind of wonder to her. But it was true. She believed the Bishop would be powerless before this woman with eyes that reminded her of the pansies she had grown in her garden as a girl.

Dona Alamán laughed a little as she began to eat her monotonous meal. She laughed because she felt so curiously alive.

Little flickers of light still played around the corners of her mind about her visitor. She sensed that with time the light would become brighter. She felt that a deeper joy lay ahead.



From my window in Fleet Street



Huxley Decries "Social Engineering"

BY *Michael de la Bedoyere*

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S *Brave New World Revisited* (Harper, 1958) was published in America last November, but it seems to me that there are a number of aspects of the book which should particularly interest Christians, and are significant enough to receive extra comment.

The two Huxleys, Aldous and Julian, are deeply concerned about the problem of overpopulation through high birth rates and even more through the steadily diminishing death rate. Julian Huxley has recently written: "to look at it from the gloomiest angle, if man allows himself to multiply unchecked, he may become the planet's cancer. . . . The assumption that anything which makes it possible to keep more human beings alive, such as new sources of food from the sea, or the manufacture of synthetic food in the laboratory, must be good and right, is at once seen to be fallacious. There must be an optimum magnitude for human numbers and human density. Below that general level, man will not have the opportunity to develop the sciences and the arts, to produce noble architecture or efficient means of transport. Above that level, man will be making life more inconvenient and less beautiful for himself and condemning later generations to undernourishment, shortened life span and general frustration."

Such generalizations are extraordinarily slick for a man of science. Certainly the development of the sciences and the arts in human history have had little to do with "optimum" magnitudes for human numbers and human density. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the planet *could not* carry a vastly increased population living as full a life as we do or even a better one. Scientists have shown that the potential resources of food and energy are tremendous, and it should not be beyond the wit of man to organize for a good life a very much greater population. Catholics, of course, are constantly accused of creating overpopulation problems through teaching that birth control is intrinsically wrong. The fact, however, is that the overpopulation of the future, if it comes, will not be due in any critical degree to Catholic teaching, but to rising birth rates and quickly falling death rates in the vast underdeveloped countries of the world, where Catholic or Christian numbers are relatively very small.

Compared with the rather crude and very overgeneralized views of Julian Huxley, Aldous Huxley has a far more plausible view about the real dangers of the future. He does not seem to be interested in prophecies of immense overpopulation in a century or more, nor does he worry, as Julian does, about Catholic consciences and birth control. He is far more interested in what is already happening here and now. His argument really is that whatever *might* be done in an ideal world to deal intelligently with rapidly increasing numbers, this certainly will *not* be done. Already, in his view, we can put our fingers on the causes of future disaster because those causes are already producing their effects. Overpopulation trends can only vastly increase the force of these causes and the catastrophic nature of their effects. As against this point of view, Catholic teaching about birth control is only a minor factor, and indeed in this book he does not, I think, mention it.

In other words, he would hold that unless we very quickly do something about the political and social fallacies at work already, the present population trends will indubitably so greatly increase the present evils that within a period of twenty years or so vast portions of the globe will be living under effective dictatorship, almost certainly of the Communist type.

WHAT is wrong with modern society, he tells us, is "over organization," and the anti-humanist evils of "over organization" will be vastly increased by "overpopulation." It is in underdeveloped countries, he explains, that we are seeing the fastest rises in population where the birth rate remains high and

stable, while relatively simple social and scientific improvements enormously decrease the death rate. Yet everything needed to cope with this change is wanting and is likely to remain wanting. For it is these countries which lack the capital needed for increased machinery, plants, trained man power and proper educational standards.

Already the population in these places is running ahead of available resources, how then can there be any savings for capital development? But this state of affairs inevitably forces a people to rely more and more on an efficient central government with sufficient power to impose the most effective use of the wealth and produce available. This means diminishing the freedom and property rights of the people, and once those go, everyone knows that every other freedom sooner or later has to follow. Belloc said that years ago.

Furthermore, if dictator-centralized governments take over in the underdeveloped countries, they will certainly have to hold on to a high proportion of the raw materials of those countries at present exported to the Western capitalist countries. Without these raw materials the economies of the latter countries will have to face terrible crises of under production for peoples habituated to high standards of living for all their people. In such emergencies only strong centralized governments with absolute power over production and distribution can keep such countries viable. The develop-

Julian Huxley is worried about overpopulation but Aldous Huxley is concerned about a more pressing problem—the conversion of human beings into technological automatons. **Michael de la Bedoyere** is editor of *The Catholic Herald* of London.

ment, therefore, of dictatorships in underdeveloped countries will be matched by the development of dictatorships in the democracies of the free world.

This, of course, is only a summary of arguments already stated in summary fashion in Huxley's book, and any reader can see that there are ways and means of preventing so tragic a future. Obviously a balanced trade as between the "know-how" of the West and the wealth in raw materials of the underdeveloped countries would be mutually more beneficial than the development foreseen by Huxley. Nevertheless, the maintenance of the high standard of living in the West would certainly get more and more difficult in the face of rapidly growing populations elsewhere. These populations will expect a way of life as good as the West's, and the eventual outcome of Huxley's fears will be difficult indeed to avoid.

BUT the real force of Aldous Huxley's book is not to be found in its more prophetic parts, for all past experience tells us that even the most scientific and reasonable prophecies about mankind's future have been falsified by the event. We must humbly acknowledge that we simply do not know, though we have to make preparations to meet what seems likely to happen. The real force of the book is to be found in his analysis of what is *already* happening and what, he believes, will happen with increasing rapidity in the future, especially if his views about the effect of quickly increasing population in the underdeveloped countries are realized. What is even now happening to us is the steady gobbling up of the

Little Man by the Big Man, not because the Big Man is morally worse than the Little Man, but because only the Big Man *can* run economies based on technological progress. This is obvious in a dictatorship, but it is also happening even in a democratic, capitalistic state such as the United States or Britain, for in such democracies the effective control is more and more in the hands of a "power elite." This power elite directly employs several millions of the country's working force in its factories, offices and stores, controls many millions more by lending them the money to buy its products, and, through its ownership of the media of mass communication, influences the thoughts, the feelings and the actions of virtually everybody. To parody the words of Winston Churchill, never have so many been manipulated by so few.

In other words, man who was once free at least in his own personal, domestic and local life is slowly being converted, despite all the advanced technique of political democracy, into "an automaton who pays for his human failure with increasing mental sickness, and with despair hidden under a frantic drive for work and so-called pleasure."

AGAIN, the reader may say that this is a vast exaggeration (though it is a well-known fact that in Britain today more than half the hospital beds are filled with patients suffering from mental troubles). But the purpose of Huxley's book is not to dwell on how bad things have become already so much as to show in a series of chapters that the techniques for turning human beings into automata are still only in their

infancy. They will be increasingly used in the future, not perhaps as dictators now use them in order to brain-wash, terrorize or extract confessions, but by kindly men only too anxious to produce greater economic efficiency.

Already the key words of a correct social ethic have been largely taken for granted: adjustment, adaptation, socially orientated behaviour, belonging, team work, group thinking, group creativity, dynamic conformity. Indeed, we are already long past the time when anyone would question the belief that the purpose of education is to make "good citizens," though I myself am old-fashioned enough to mistrust that phrase, which to me simply means a person prepared to conform with what the State requires rather than be a true person. In my view, the only sound purpose of education is to produce "good men" who, if they are truly good men, will accurately judge for themselves where citizenship-conformity is right and where it can be fatally wrong. Man was created to serve God and, by serving God, to love his neighbor. The ideal of serving one's neighbor in accordance with the will of society must involve denying the relevance of God, His love and His law, to the affairs of human society.

Aldous Huxley, who in most of his recent books has shown himself deeply aware of the immense relevance to human nature of what he likes to call in mystic language the "Divine Grounds," shows himself aware in these political and scientific pages that the submission of man to these impersonal social forces cannot but deform mankind. He rightly points out that men together do not form an organism,

like bees or ants, where the individual is subordinate to the whole. They form an organization or a society where varying degrees of social interdependence are necessary, but necessary for the fulfillment or good life of each and every member. To try to flout this law, ultimately explicable only because there is a divine spark in man, the creature of God, is to run up against disaster, both socially and for the individual himself. In other words, man cannot be "socially engineered." Every individual is unique and everything that is done within human society is done by a unique individual.

We can very easily be misled by the use of statistics and such devices as sample polls. These suggest that the behavior of men is so determined that one can accurately predict how masses of men will behave in certain future circumstances. The fact that this is possible today is already largely the result of the many mass-conditioning factors which are doing their work on Western man. But mass polls mainly deal with broad, basic questions; they cannot deal with what causes the differences, nor can they enter into the infinity of subtle differences which makes every man a *person* and therefore unique. And it is that uniqueness in all its infinite variety that creates a healthy, vital, changing human society within which the individual can breathe and expand, and therefore be healthy in soul and body.

THE threat to society today is not only the political threat of ambitious or cruel dictators but the impersonal threat of conditioning men to mental servility and therefore deformation by the technocrats and

power elite who influence every aspect of our capitalist, so-called democratic life, including education in all its stages. Bread and circuses—and on an immense scale—was never truer, if we take bread to be national mental and manual technique and circuses the compensating release of tension in passive spectacle, amusements and free morals, the first two of which especially are also powerful factors in the conditioning process.

One may end with a reference to some aspects of Aldous Huxley's book which will repel the Catholic and Christian reader.

Huxley, as has been said, takes mysticism seriously, but he has always condemned institutional religions as man-made deformations of that true religion which is mystically perceived by the "saints" of the world. And in this book he has a number of paragraphs suggesting that religious belief is merely the result of educative conditioning. An obvious and hoary example is the following: "What the Jesuits did for the Roman Church of the Counter Reformation, these products of a more scientific and even harsher training are now doing, and doubtless will continue to do, for the Communist parties of Europe, Asia and Africa."

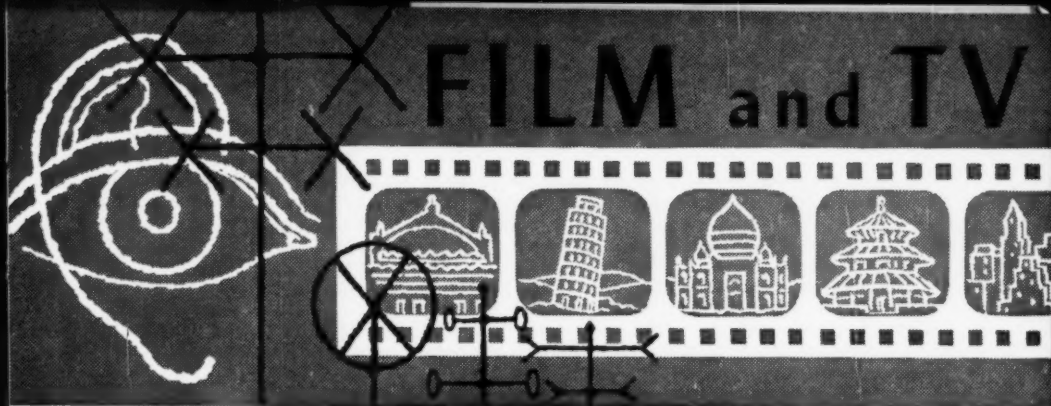
Huxley, of course, fails to realize that the first purpose of the Jesuits, as of other religious teachers in degree, was and is to make man fully aware of himself and what his existence as a unique being necessarily implies, namely the existence of the Source of the Good, the True and the Beautiful, whose image is reflected in man's very nature. He is, in fact, attributing to a section of the power elite's influence the very quality in man which makes

him free and fit to resist the "power elite's" conditioning supremacy.

Nevertheless, I would venture to add in very slight agreement with Huxley that today there does exist a danger lest religious conformity should be given too large a place in religious teaching and organization. Centralization (Shall we call it big-religion organization?) is catching. As much in religion—indeed, much more in religion, as in government and business, we need men and women who think for themselves, who make their own as adults what they had to learn largely by rote in childhood, who are free to criticize the failings and errors of the human men in whose hands government and administration rests. I need not say that I am not advocating nonsense like "private judgment" or religious democracy. But in some quarters there is perhaps a growing tendency to look upon constructive criticism and suggestion as anti-clericalism or disloyalty.

Yet today if so much of the world's future depends on religious faith and living, which alone securely anchors human freedom and personal initiative, then it must be increasingly important that religion should be lived in the spirit of the freedom of the sons of God, not in a merely conformist, legalistic way. Happily, we have seen in recent years great developments in the Catholic Church calculated to make prayer and worship more intelligent and to stimulate the Catholic laity to intelligent action in all fields within the Church. But if Huxley's pessimistic prophecies have any truth in them, we shall need a far deeper consciousness of the treasures of the Faith and more intelligent co-operation within the Mystical Body of Christ.

FILM and TV



BY *Moira Walsh*

PORK CHOP HILL (*United Artists*)

Some thirty years have elapsed since Lewis Milestone directed the first classic war film, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. In the meantime we have acquired a tragic familiarity with war and with movies about war which would seem to preclude the appearance of another classic. Yet *Pork Chop Hill*, also directed by Milestone, has a stature and a ring of truth which set it in a class apart from most contemporary war films.

The picture is a tribute to the valor of the American soldier under uniquely trying conditions. *Pork Chop Hill* was the last battle of the Korean War. The cease fire negotiations dragging on at Panmunjom might at any moment be concluded. Under the circumstances a company of American Infantrymen could hardly be expected to relish the order to make a suicidal assault on a worthless piece of high ground which would form part of a neutral buffer zone once peace was declared. Nevertheless they made it.

The picture suggests, probably accurately, that the battle helped speed the peace negotiations. The previous North Korean attack to retake the hill was designed to provide a psychological advantage at the peace table by demonstrating that Communists were willing to die for a useless objective. When the Americans fought their way back up the hill this advantage was more than canceled out.

I do not know whether the film's account of the battle is accurate. (James R. Webb's script is based on the book by S. L. A. Marshall, perhaps our finest contemporary military historian). It is sometimes confusing to the lay ob-

server and it seems as though some scenes which should have been included have been left out. Also it is a bloody and appalling sequence of events. The already high casualty rate was augmented by misdirected searchlights and shellfire from our own side, by lack of proper communications and by what seems like an inexcusable misunderstanding of the situation by higher headquarters. Accurate or not the picture is wholly convincing as well as moving and inspirational. In addition it is almost wholly devoid of the clichés of action and characterization that seem inevitably to creep into war films.

Gregory Peck, playing the Lieutenant in command of the attack, is the only "big name" in the cast. He and his less well-known companions form a splendid company.

THE TEMPEST (*Paramount*) — A few years ago filing plans to film *War and Peace* suddenly became the favorite indoor sport of movie producers the world over. At that time the late Mike Todd announced that he was negotiating to make a film in Yugoslavia with units of Marshal Tito's army serving as both French and Russian soldiers in the battle sequences. As it turned out Italian producer Dino di Laurentiis got his version with an international cast and units of the Italian Army as military extras before the cameras first by which time the other plans had been discreetly abandoned. Nevertheless the notion of using Yugoslavian terrain and military personnel to film a battle apparently continued to have an appeal. Now producer Di Laurentiis has borrowed it himself for

the screen version of another Russian historical novel with an international cast.

The novel is Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter* whose story takes place during the Pugachov revolt against Catherine the Great in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Like *War and Peace* the film boasts exceptionally beautiful photography (in Technicolor and Technirama). It has other virtues in common with the earlier movie. Its battles are stunningly staged by director Alberto Lattuada with a profusion of extras which Hollywood films can no longer afford. And its re-creation of a bygone historical era has both vitality and seeming authenticity.

By comparison its story is decidedly second best. Viveca Lindfors as Catherine and Van Heflin as Pugachov, the peasant leader who rallied his revolutionary army by pretending to be Czar Peter III, are effective as the two pivots of the conflict. The important issues however keep getting sidetracked in the interests of a cliff-hanging boy-meets-girl romance. The girl (Silvana Mangano) is the daughter of an outpost military commander, while the boy (Geoffrey Horne) is a St. Petersburg aristocrat who very nearly gets himself executed for treason due to the unfortunate circumstances that (1) he once unwittingly saved Pugachov's life and (2) he is a naive and virtuous youth who does not know how to protect himself against the schemings of a corrupt society. Neither Horne nor Miss Mangano, who is the producer's wife, would ever take any acting prizes and their efforts are decidedly anticlimactic. The rest of the international cast—Oscar Homolka, Robert Keith, Agnes Moorehead, Helmut Dantine, etc.—is competent but their opportunities are limited.

The picture nevertheless is worth seeing as a handsome and out-size historical spectacle.

COMPULSION (20th Century-Fox) — I went with grave misgivings to see this film version of a novel and play, which in turn were based almost verbatim on the notorious Leopold-Loeb murder case of the 1920s. The case abounds in sensational and unhealthy details and I was dubious about whether the

screen with its wider and more heterogeneous audience and hence greater obligation to employ self-restraint would measure up to the challenge of handling the material responsibly. As it turns out the misgivings were quite unnecessary. Producer Richard D. Zanuck, scenarist Richard Murphy and director Richard Fleischer have maintained an altogether admirable level of social responsibility in telling the story without sacrificing one iota of its interest in the process.

What is the fascination of this story of two hyper-intelligent but perverse, amoral and emotionally retarded rich boys and the senseless thrill-murder they committed? As his title implies novelist Meyer Levin attempted to prove by means of elaborate Freudian analysis that the precise combination of the two youths' environmental factors made the crime inevitable. The movie, wisely I think, abandons this thesis. It is content instead simply to establish the twisted characters of the two eighteen-year old youths and then to give a virtually documentary account of their crime (which takes place off-screen), apprehension and trial.

The end result I suppose might be called social melodrama. It makes absorbing adult screen fare in any case and Fleischer has devised unusual film techniques to extract the full measure of suspense, character insight and human tragedy from the material. A further enhancement to the over-all effect is the excellence of the performances —by Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell as the twisted youths, Orson Welles as the fictionalized Clarence Darrow who performed the near-miraculous feat of saving his clients from the gallows, E. G. Marshall as the District Attorney who was nearly deceived by the boys' alibi as well as by many other players in less important roles.

IMITATION OF LIFE (Universal) is the original title of the Fannie Hurst novel that was first filmed some twenty-five years ago. Nevertheless it is an inadvertently compromising title to put on a film that actually is nothing but an imitation of life and a bad one at that.

At best the story of two widows, one

white and one Negro, each with a small daughter, who cast their lot in life together, is a soap opera. A generation ago at least it was a pioneering attempt to show the evil of racial prejudice. Also in one respect the old version was more-forward-looking than the present one: the two women achieved mutual success by going into business together. In the re-make the white woman (Lana Turner) becomes a famous and successful actress while the Negro (Juanita Moore) revives the discredited Uncle Tom tradition by remaining her maid.

The new film is deplorable in most other respects. The handling of the light skinned Negro daughter's (Susan Kohner) compulsion to repudiate her mother and "pass" for white seems dated and unreal and inflammatory rather than conducive of better race relations. And the theatrical atmosphere and success story are full of phony glamor and have no possible connection with anything that ever happened in real life.

In short the movie is a long step backward in film-making. The studio however apparently hopes that it will attract an audience because of its lavish color production, its tear-jerking qualities and the irresistible circumstance that Lana Turner wears more than one million dollars worth of jewelry and a wardrobe of equal opulence and bad taste.

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN (*Louis de Rochemont Associates*) Perhaps the last third of this Austrian-made Agfacolor film takes place in Rome and Vatican City and includes extended coverage of a public audience in St. Peter's with the late Pope Pius XII. The film claims, with indisputable truth I should think, to represent the first time that a Pope has permitted himself to appear as an integral part of a fictional dramatic film. This precedent-setting appearance is beautifully handled and is of itself so extraordinarily interesting and valuable that it automatically makes the picture worthwhile. The difficulty is that virtually any mere fiction would be dwarfed by comparison and the film's story is no exception.

The movie is based on a not very successful novel by Franz (*The Song of Bernadette*) Werfel. It concerns the

pious cook (Annie Rosar) for a family of Austrian aristocrats whose plan to "embezzle heaven" by financing her nephew's education for the priesthood turns out to be a tragic delusion. After years of impoverishing herself in response to the young man's plausible appeals for funds, she discovers that the nephew, whom she saw only once as a child, is no priest at all but he has been systematically defrauding her.

The old woman's reaction to this revelation is a little difficult to believe. She is overwhelmed by a feeling of guilt because her motives were selfish and she gave only money and not love. It is equally difficult to accept her self-indicting conclusion that this lack of love is responsible for the boy's downfall. Having once met the oafish nephew and his whining, greedy mother the spectator is likely to be convinced that he is the kind of character who would inevitably have gone wrong in any case and that his poor aunt is a victim rather than a sinner.

Besides dealing with a contrived problem of conscience the film has other shortcomings. For example its subplot about the problems of the elderly heroine's employers has a coincidental, hit-or-miss quality. On the other hand the performance of Frau Rosar, who is a splendid character actress, is a continuous asset and so is the Austrian and Roman scenery.

It is when the old woman undertakes a pilgrimage to Rome seeking forgiveness and expiation that the thrilling Papal audience scenes mentioned above are introduced. They are disconcertingly different in calibre from the rest of the film. The picture in general however is sincerely religious in spirit and sometimes quite moving and its irreplaceable photographic record of His late Holiness is something nobody will want to miss.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY (*20th Century-Fox*) is another depressing but generally tasteful and responsible examination of the seamier side of life. It is an adaptation of a novel by William Faulkner undertaken by the same producer (Jerry Wald), director (Martin Ritt) and writers (Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr.) who made last year's "Long, Hot Summer" by the same author.

The story concerns one of Faulkner's typical decaying aristocratic Mississippi families. It consists of a nymphomaniac sister who left home as a young girl (Margaret Leighton), a dipsomaniac brother (John Beal) and a mute, idiot brother (Jack Warden). The household also includes the sister's illegitimate daughter (Joanne Woodward) and the grandfather's Cajun widow (Francoise Rosay) and her son (Yul Brynner) who provides a few uneasy intimations of incest before it is made clear that he is no blood relation to the rest of the family.

Lacking any sort of sane counseling or a sense of security the daughter nearly elopes with a muscular but spectacularly worthless circus roustabout (Stuart Whitman). Obviously, however, she is the only salvageable member of the family so the story proceeds to salvage her and ends hinting a romance with her step-uncle who has always had her best interests at heart in his inarticulate way.

In its down beat way the picture is engrossing and very well done. The acting on a whole is of a high order but the stand-out performance is Miss Leighton's in a role reminiscent of Blanche du Bois.

THE MATING GAME (MGM) may provide a feeling of vicarious wish fulfillment especially around the April 15th tax deadline. One of its leading characters is an apparently prosperous citizen (Paul Douglas) who has never paid an income tax or even filed a return. Not only that but at the end he receives assurance from the government that he will never have to.

The explanation for this blissful slate of affairs is unfortunately not very plausible or helpful. Our hero professes to be descended from a long line of successful Maryland horse traders and claims to have furnished his house, provided for his extensive family and conducted his business entirely on the barter system. The avid and heartless income tax inspectors are not impressed with this line of reasoning and Douglas is only rescued from impoverishing tax penalties by the happy but unlikely coincidence that the government owes him an astronomical figure on an unpaid Civil War promissory note.

The picture generates a good many laughs poking fun at income tax laws and income tax inspectors and describing the humanization of one of the latter (Tony Randall) under the influence of Douglas' marriageable daughter (Debbie Reynolds). It also contains some dull stretches and some rather self-consciously earthy sex comedy.

THE SHAGGY DOG (Buena Vista)—A live-action comedy from the Walt Disney studios about a teen-age boy (Tommy Kirk) who literally turns into a shaggy dog and in this guise is instrumental in capturing a group of atomic spies.

The picture makes some attempt to account for this transformation in terms of the Latin inscription in a Borgia ring and also a professor's dissertation on the history of "shape-shifters." Mostly though it is a real shaggy dog story in the sense of having neither explanation nor point. It is intelligently made however and surprisingly likeable especially for youngsters. Also its lunatic premise gives rise to some pricelessly funny bits. For example, the distraught father's (Fred MacMurray) explanation to the security officer in an electronics plant that his son knew about the spies because he is sometimes a dog.

SOME LIKE IT HOT (United Artists) is the wildest and wooliest comedy since Preston Sturges left Hollywood and the Marx Brothers disbanded as a team. Its story, if by any stretch of the imagination it can be called a story, is about a pair of unemployed musicians (Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon) who inadvertently witness something resembling the 1929 St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago. To escape gangland vengeance they don female disguises and head for Florida as members of an all-girl orchestra.

Director (and co-author) Billy Wilder is one of the best in the business and knew exactly what he was doing. A good part of the time this was to make hilarious comedy out of material which in lesser hands would have been flat, stale and unfunny. For this reason there is no excuse whatsoever for the picture's frequent descents into suggestiveness or for the flagrantly indecent costumes affected by La Monroe.

THEATER



BY *Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt*

ROYAL GAMBIT—The smart little theater on Sullivan Street now houses a challenging play by Hermann Gressieker, translated from the German by George White in expressive prose and capably acted. The cast consists of Henry VIII and his six wives whose personal dramas are presented at high tension without the intrusion of other characters. This may circumscribe history but it brings out in strong relief the reactions of Henry and the six women who loved him. Eventually the King emerges as the New Man of the Age of Reason: his wives representing the various goals of his philosophy, while Catherine of Aragon, his queen for twenty years, gradually assumes the role of commentator, quizzical but compassionate. Anne of Boleyn is shown with all the charm of her quick gaiety and spirit which laid such enchantment upon the King that to justify his title as Defender of the Faith he found himself a conscience to excuse the betrayal of the "Old Wisdom." After satisfying his love with Anne and assurance of power with the heir given him by Jane Seymour, Henry turns to Anne of Cleves for gold, and her sharp and plain face supply the comedy which is soon dissipated by the hasty tragedy of Katherine Howard who represents the freedom advised by the King until it came too near the royal person.

Mr. Gressieker has written a morality play with a plea to return to the Age of Faith but it is a morality play which never slackens in dramatic interest. Russell Gold is an exacting part, gives a high powered picture of Henry, virile, engaging and cruel. M'el Dowd as Catherine of Aragon has dignity and humor. She tells Henry

that whereas Machiavelli has justified violence by logic, Henry had gone a step farther and has tried to sanctify it, using his "conscience" as a basis for profit. Tani Seitz is an alluring and then tragically stricken Anne. Dolores Rashid, a pitiful remorse-ridden Jane while Alice Drummond is most amusing as the canny Princess of Cleves. Elizabeth Perry is a tearfully attractive Katherine. Grace Chapman is the practical widow, Kate Parr, who actually survived her third and most dangerous husband. All these ladies, together with the director, Philip Lawrence, are bound to become better and better known. *Royal Gambit* makes atonement for much on Broadway.

—*At the Sullivan Street Theater.*

LOOK AFTER LULU—In the spring of 1957, *Hotel Paradiso*, a farce by the prolific Georges Feydeau, adapted from the French and directed by Peter Glenville with supremely witty sets by Osbert Lancaster, was produced with Bert Lahr as the luckless protagonist. It was very funny. Mr. Noel Coward has now undertaken to rewrite another Feydeau farce, vintage 1908, *Occupe-Toi d'Amelle*, a longtime favorite in the Jean Louis Barrault repertoire. One can only add, "Alas!" The decor, this time by Cecil Beaton, is more sumptuous than witty; Cyril Ritchard's direction pounds the obvious and Coward's modernization of the old jokes flattens them out. The result is that three brilliant chefs have managed to make a disreputable English pudding out of a French mousse. This is not to say that Tammy Grimes (Mrs. Christopher Plummer) is not full of rippling spirits as Lulu, the good natured cocotte; nor that Polly Rowles

isn't staggering as the amorous Duchess in the yard-square hat, nor that Roddy McDowall and George Baker don't work hard as the Parisian dandies but after Act I, which is really Beaton's triumph and some dubious slapstick in Act II, the last scene is simply repetitious and boring, and vulgar. My advice is, "Don't Look After Lulu"—"Forget her."

—At the *Henry Miller*.

A MAJORITY OF ONE—A famous director once said to me. "The ability to be oneself on the stage is as rare as it is valuable." One stage lady has been so completely natural on the TV circuit that it is not surprising to find her walking placidly into the hearts of her audience in the Shubert Theater and without any more conscious effort than if she were pouring them coffee. Her name, of course, is Gertrude Berg and the audiences who have followed her adventures for years with the Goldbergs now give her a royal and loyal welcome. In fact their appreciation of her every remark must add considerable running time to the play. The comedy by Leonard Spigelgass has the racist appeal of *Abie's Irish Rose* without anywhere near as good a title. *Majority of One* gives no hint how Mrs. Jacoby of Brooklyn, N. Y. captures the heart of a leading industrialist of Tokyo, Mr. Koichi Asano, who is last seen eating gefilte fish in Mrs. Jacoby's cozy flat. If Mrs. Berg can be more or less herself, Sir Cedric Hardwicke needs only to put an angle to his eyebrows, and his native dignity and aloofness are prime for Mr. Asano. He first appears in impeccable Western dress on the ship which is taking Mrs. Jacoby and her daughter and son-in-law to the latter's diplomatic post in Tokyo. It is when Mrs. Jacoby pays an unexpected visit to Mr. Asano in his home that the cluttered clumsiness of the West is magnified by the grace and calm of Mr. Asano's chairless rooms. Mrs. Jacoby never imagined that she could forgive the Japanese for the loss of her son in the War in the Pacific, but the widow and the widower discover mutual loyalties and virtues. And, Mrs. Jacoby does have good business sense about exports! Mr. Spigelgass of recondite experience in Hollywood certainly knows the ingredients

of success and he has used them with sincerity. Mrs. Jacoby and Mr. Asano are both good people and if their audience likes them, its an honest sentiment. It didn't seem possible that there were any Japanese actors left who were not already on Broadway but Mr. Dore Schary has rounded up four very charming ladies for the Asano household. Another bullseye for Mr. Schary.—At the *Schubert*.

SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH—Not sweetness but the humors of decay are perilously shown in Mr. Tennessee Williams' latest drama set as usual on the Gulf Coast. Among the leading characters there is only one who is wholly incorrupt and it is her lack of good judgment which is responsible for much of the misery and violence which ensues. Two "monsters" as one of them describes herself have invaded the town of St. Cloud. One is a movie star, who once had her fan-clubs—the species E. A. Robinson once called Veteran Sirens—and who now relies on drugs and alcohol and stray wastrels. Chance Wayne is her traveling companion because he knows the old actress still has plenty of money. Wayne is a native of St. Cloud who can't believe his birthplace isn't glad to see him. He disregards the warnings freely given and we leave him to face a fate his horrid sins have invoked. That he refuses the Princess Pazmezoglu's offer of help is the one delayed mark to his credit. Under Elia Kazan's direction, Geraldine Page as the Princess gives one of the great performances of the season. The ancient glamor girl has a razor sharp insight and streak of good nature as well as the impressiveness of her carefully cultivated ego. The more experienced rogue, she rubs out the nasty attempt of her gigolo's attempt at blackmail like chalk on the sidewalk.

Sidney Blackmer offers another study of arrogant egoism as Boss Finley who uses racism as tinder for his demagoguery as well as his family and the daughter he pretends to worship. There is a taut scene in the cocktail lounge of the hotel where Boss Finley's speechifying is seen on television while his petulant mistress eggs on a heckler to invite mob violence and Wayne Chance learns of the ruin he

has brought to his girl—the only thing in his life that is not putrid. He had robbed her of her girlhood when he was fifteen but she still loves him in spite of the taint he brought to her. She tells her father if they had been allowed to marry, everything about Wayne would have been different. One wonders? As this noisome character, Paul Newman is more than convincing.

Mr. Williams writes of evil with horrifying candor and power. The whole action is crowded into less than twelve hours; the first scene in the Princess' hotel room between the Princess and Chance Wayne actually runs for an hour with very little slackening of dramatic tension. When will Mr. Williams write as cogently of the spirit as of the flesh?—*At the Martin Beck.*

LUTE SONG—After excellent revivals of *Most Happy Fella* and *Say, Darling*, Jean Dalrymple has given New York the rare treat of delighting once again in the Chinese classic, *Lute Song*, which dates from 1391, and which used to be played somewhere in China at least once a week—before the Revolution. After seeing it in San Francisco, it took Will Irwin years to find a French copy of *Lute Song*. He found it in the library of the University of Maryland and then persuaded Sidney Howard to help him with the English version which was tried out in Stockbridge with authentic Ming costumes in 1930 and was brought to Broadway by Michael Myerberg in 1946 with the famous decor by Robert Edmond Jones. Such was Mr. Myerberg's sense of their value that he stored the settings and costumes for all these years. Perhaps the economy and richness of their art can now be better appreciated.

The Imperial Preceptor in his crimson robes seated in dignity is in itself a Chinese painting. The Buddhist temple is superb yet intrinsically as simple as the touching story in which Dolly Haas now plays the part once taken by Mary Martin. The choreography by Yeichi Nimura is still intact but only Clarence Derwent represents the original cast. How wonderful

it would be if we could emulate the Chinese in a small way and enjoy *Lute Song* at City Center every year! Meantime our grateful thanks to Miss Dalrymple and Mr. Myerberg. *Lute Song* is purest enchantment.

—*At the New York City Center.*

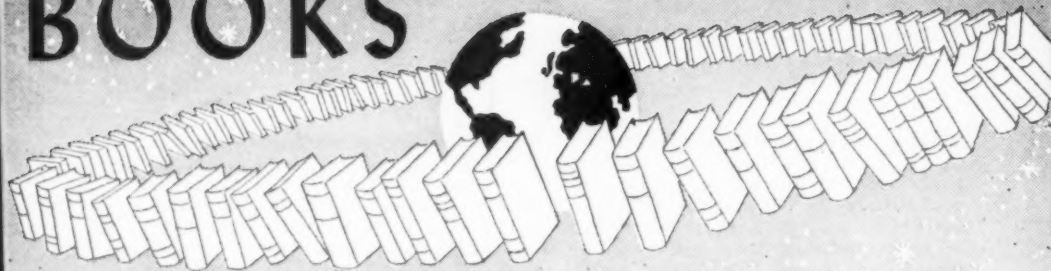
RAISIN IN THE SUN—The first play by a woman Negro playwright has made history. Mrs. Lorraine Hansberry has said she wished to show her people as they are. Her characters on the stage have a quick humanity which gives wings to a rather long drama of family life. It all takes place in the flat in Chicago where Mrs. Younger's husband worked so laboriously and steadily that he died before his prime. He managed to leave his widow an insurance policy of ten thousand dollars. This is the catalysis of the story: "What happens to a dream deferred—does it dry up like a raisin in the sun?—Or does it explode?" Mrs. Younger, the matriarch, dreams of a house with a garden; her collegian daughter of being a doctor; and her married son of doffing a chauffeur's uniform for a business of his own.

A Negro sociologist once told me that some of her people were ashamed of their American forbears but Mrs. Younger is proud of the five generations of her family who have lived here and she herself embodies that same patient courage and heroic faith which created her peoples' spirituals. However, this faith has not survived in the jazz age of her children. The daughter turns to a student from Nigeria to find herself some heritage and it is curious, once she has wrapped a Nigerian skirt around her, how naturally she and her brother break into African rhythms.

Her brother is full of race consciousness and frustrations and it takes a major disaster to give him respect for the family pride of his parents. Sidney Poitier plays the son with force and sensitivity but it is Claudia McNeil as the matriarch who shares the honors with him. An honest play of contemporary life, splendidly acted, deserves a warm welcome.

—*At the Ethel Barrymore.*

BOOKS



NOVELS REVIEWED BY Riley Hughes

MY FELLOW DEVILS

by L. P. Hartley

British Book Centre. \$3.95

The theme of this beautifully wrought, sensitive, and perceptive novel, a Catholic Book Club choice, is from the Book of Proverbs: "Whoso is partner with a thief hateth his own soul." That Margaret Pennefather, a young woman of good family and the fountain of enlightened social works in the village, should find herself a partner in crime would seem preposterous, but Mr. Hartley makes the events that lead to her predicament very credible indeed. It all begins when Margaret, against her fiancé's wishes, invites the movie star, Colum McInnes, to her engagement party. As the men are old enemies, that ends the engagement.

Shortly afterward Margaret marries Colum in Venice. Her earlier thoughts of becoming a Catholic for Colum's sake are abandoned, but the two are in perfect accord about everything else. Slowly an unbelieving Margaret learns about her husband's nasty compulsion; he steals his own property, sells it through a fence, and also collects the insurance. As Margaret's marriage sours and Colum's movie career has its ups and downs, her interest in the Church grows. (Her two interviews with Father McBane are high points in the book.) Finally Margaret comes to a dual solution of her difficulties; neither action satisfies her friends. ("But then why are you becoming an R. C.? Of course nobody exactly *minds*—so many people that one knows are turning Papists. Only I never thought you were much interested in religion in that way—you were so taken up with good works.")

The charm of this novel comes from the contrast between its neatly complicated plot with the leisurely, traditional manner in which the story is told. Mr. Hartley's portrait of Margaret as a fair-minded, sensitive person, highly conventional and "good," caught in the toils of a shocking evil and finally extricating herself with honor and for her soul's keeping, is admirably done. *My Fellow Devils* is at once a delightful social comedy and a serious fictional treatment of a soul struggling in the snares of the modern world. Most earnestly recommended.

EIGHT DAYS

by Gabriel Fielding

Morrow. \$4.50

Eight Days is a suspenseful, intricate novel about some very unusual people. As one character says of the others, they are "like bones in the desert, they have no nationality." They make their elaborate moves, in fact, in an international zone in North Africa. At first the reader believes that he is in the midst of some maneuvers on the chess board of international intrigue. But as the central story emerges, it would appear that what we have instead is a personal story of revenge. Only gradually (unless one peeks first at the dust jacket) does one discover that *Eight Days* is, though at times confusingly, a theological thriller. "The Zone," it turns out, is everywhere, and these characters, slightly distorted and ambiguous, are the several masks of Everyman.

The central figure is a Dr. Chance, an Englishman, a former prison doctor and a very recent convert to Catholicism. On the first day—the action

takes place from Sunday to Sunday—he encounters a former inmate, a man he knows as Marcovitz and others know as Keller. “A man has got to be like God,” Marcovitz-Keller says, “he has to use his mind all the time.” Another character who uses his mind constantly is an American named Columb Macgrady. Because they are fellow-Catholics, Macgrady actually requires Chance to assist him break out of a tight net other sinister characters are weaving. A dissolute English baronet, a jolly and totally evil Australian, a much married peeress—these are some of the people with whom Chance becomes involved. Why are the others following Mr. and Mrs. Macgrady? What hold do they have on the oddly defiant and pathetic pair? Chance’s mingled sympathies and guilt complex involve him in an elaborate plot to help Macgrady despite the latter’s open sneers. (“Chance, as a Catholic I know what’s right. . . . I just don’t do it . . . that’s all.”) One may not be certain at the end what Chance’s journey into suspense and fear has meant, but one will be dazzled by the author’s brilliance.

HEAVEN IN YOUR HAND

by Norah Lofts

Doubleday. \$3.95

Heaven in Your Hand is a collection of sixteen delightful short stories, a “romantic collection,” as the dust jacket says. That is to say there is nothing hard or “arty,” in the modern sense, about them. They are the products of a considerable art, for Miss Lofts is an excellent novelist and, here, a charming teller of tales. There are love stories and stories of sacrifice, and humorous ones too. “The Spellbinders,” the final story, is, for example, an extremely funny tale about a rich bachelor who resorts to magic to retain a housekeeper while his friend, an impoverished schoolmaster, accidentally using the magic charm, finds his way to purchasing a school of his own.

England’s “new poor,” gentry or nobility who fall victims of taxes or the welfare state, provide rich subject matter in *Heaven in Your Hand*. How Lady Blyborough, victim of a stroke, fares at Heaven Nursing Home makes an exciting story. She saw Mrs. Bas-

come push the blind Miss Griffiths down the stairs, and old Lady Blyborough wasn’t the descendant of Crusaders for nothing. “Going Down-hill Together” is another “new poor” story; in this one the mistress becomes dependent on the maid, who has saved all her money. The efforts of an English spinster to adopt an Italian baby provide the central idea for another warm story. Whether she writes of aristocrats or country people, men or women, England or elsewhere, Miss Lofts does so with the authority that comes from an exact observation of people and a strong sense of the way events are determined by character. *Heaven in Your Hand* is a warm, witty book, an experience in reading pleasure not to be missed.

LADY L.

by Romain Gary

Simon & Schuster. \$3.50

The aristocratic woman of the title of this book is the mother of a duke and has other sons in the Cabinet, the Church, and the Army. At eighty her ladyship is still a dynamic person and a handsome woman. She has at her feet, at times literally, the Poet Laureate of England, Sir Percy Rodimer, a very stuffy old boy. Sir Percy has been devoted, in verse and rhetoric, to the stately widow for many years. It is quite a jolt for him to learn—and the unfolding of his knowledge is the main action of the book—who Lady L. really is.

Through dialogue and flashback a most lurid past is unfolded before the horrified knight. Poor Percy becomes goggle-eyed when he hears that England’s grandest lady was not originally a gently-bred girl of an aristocratic family, but a child of poverty from the most sordid and degrading level of Paris life. The daughter of a drunken anarchist, Annette became, in the final years of the last century, the accomplice of a group of thieves whose purpose was the overthrow of Europe’s governments by assassination. And so her ladyship’s story unfolds, to Sir Percy’s consternation and growing horror. Lady L.’s final gruesome proof of her story, a pretty definite echo of Faulkner’s “A Rose for Emily,” understandably turns Sir Percy “a ghastly white.”

Mr. Gary tells a fascinating, witty story, but its point, other than as a display of virtuosity, seems elusive. What, really, does he expect us to think of those simple, grand old days when "the bomb" was only an anarchist's toy?

TELL ME, STRANGER

by Charles Bracelen Flood
Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50

Francis Lakeland is the kind of hero Mr. Flood's readers have met twice before. He is a Harvard graduate, a Korean veteran, a bachelor, and a Catholic. At one point Mr. Flood sums his hero up in these words: "A Catholic who, after four years at Harvard, was a good defender of the faith and an average practitioner of it. A sexual innocent, more for lack of attractive opportunity than religious conviction. A man, like most men, of some character but not great character."

As this short novel opens, Frank is bored. He is a securities analyst on Wall Street, and he feels dry rot creeping over his twenty-five years. He quits his job and gets one as a "Man Friday" for a famous woman photographer. Sarah Benton is thirty-one, divorced, and beautiful. They trek around a good part of the world together, particularly in North Africa, for Sarah likes to click shutters when men are shooting bullets. Frank has to do some illegal shooting himself to rescue her. He throws up his job and Sarah too, but she follows him to Portugal. They have an affair, and Frank is all for marrying Sarah before a Justice of the Peace, fully conscious of what he is doing. But Sarah and Mr. Flood have other plans for him. *Tell Me, Stranger* lacks the richness of the two earlier novels. Mr. Flood had better try something new—a Yale man, perhaps?

ROBINSON

by Muriel Spark
Lippincott. \$3.50

With its obvious, intended, and highly effective echoes from *Robinson Crusoe* and Shakespeare's *Tempest*, this novel is an effective instance of the magical island theme. Three persons survive the crash of a plane from Lisbon and find themselves on a small island owned by a man named Robinson and

named after himself. The three are the narrator, a woman named January Marlow, a blackmailer and confidence man, Tom Wells, and Jimmy Waterford, an enigmatic young Englishman with a Dutch accent.

The others are bitter about their exile, but not Jan, a convert to Catholicism of a year's standing. "If I had stayed at home," she says, "There might have been a fire in the house, or I might have been run over, or murdered, or have committed a mortal sin. There is no absolute method of judging whether one course of action is less dangerous than another." Ironically, Jan must go on to judge courses of action as she keeps notes and a journal of the odd tensions between Robinson and his unwilling and unwelcome guests on the island. How the story of Robinson, "an austere sea-bound hero, a noble heretic," and Jan and the others works out makes for an engaging yarn, both on the level of realism and that of symbol. For Miss Sparks convinces the reader that the island experience is at once a real one and at the same time "a time and landscape of the mind."

THE POORHOUSE FAIR

by John Updike
Knopf. \$3.50

In the poorhouse there is an old man who carves worlds of images out of peachstones. *The Poorhouse Fair* presents an intricate, intense little world, a microcosm which reflects the issues and tensions of a larger world outside. The elderly people, men and women, who live in the former estate in New Jersey which is now a public institution for the indigent aged (to use all the jargon), are at cross-purposes with the Prefect, a man named Connor. Connor is a man who "wanted things clean," which means that he ran himself like a machine and others too. He inhabits a cosmos empty of purpose. As Hook, a man of ninety who was once a school-teacher, tells him, the quality Connor displays is "not goodness but busyness."

One of the most brilliant scenes in the book occurs when a blind woman starts talking about belief and heaven, and Connor feels compelled to destroy the faith of his charges. "Imagine a blind giant tossing rocks through eter-

nity," he snorts at Hook. "At some point he would build a cathedral." Other things happen, small things, to tear at the old people's defenses, even to tear at Connor's sureness. The author deftly shows small misunderstandings as they build up the fabric of a day. This short (185 pages) novel is an exquisite *tour de force* and a considerable achievement for a young writer's first novel.

CLAUDELLE INGLISH

by Erskine Caldwell
Little, Brown. \$3.75

It is Mr. Caldwell's current thesis, apparently, that when a country girl is scorned, the whole neighborhood feels her fury. When Claudelle receives a

letter from her soldier boy that he is going to marry someone else, she is overwhelmed. *Vide* dialogue: "Linn—you can't do that! There's me—there's us!"

Egged on by her mother, and to her father's dismay, Claudelle wages a campaign against all men by seducing as many as she can, as blatantly as she can. One lover kills a rival by running over him with an automobile; then, soon after, the minister whom she had seduced and ruined, kills Claudelle and then shoots himself. Next event: Linn comes back, ready to marry Claudelle! I forgot to mention Claudelle's ma; she's as promiscuous and improbable as her daughter. A dismal, very silly performance.

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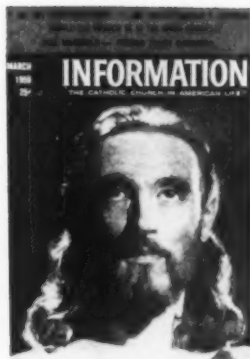


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FIVE IDEAS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD

by Barbara Ward
Norton. \$3.75

The brilliant contributing editor of *The London Economist* recently delivered a course of lectures at the University College of Ghana at the suggestion of President Nkrumah. Her husband, Lord Jackson, is on assignment to Ghana. These lectures make a stimulating book.

In this volume she analyzes the five great revolutionary ideas of our time: Nationalism, Industrialism, Colonialism, Communism and Internationalism. Her overriding interest is Nationalism and it hovers like a ghost over the author's treatment of the other four ideas. She sees it as a normal and inevitable expression of the collective personality of a people but she claims that in its present form, it is too narrow a concept for our world. Shrinkage of distances by means of improved communication and transportation has multiplied possible sources of friction between nations and has made closer co-operation among nations imperative. But Nationalism, as aggressive as that of the Arabs, might easily ignite World War III.

Industrialism, with its protective tariffs and trade barriers, has served to heighten national distrust of foreigners yet it cannot be proscribed today. For it is indispensable in maintaining a decent level of living for any national group. Herein, according to Barbara Ward, lies the chief danger of Communism. Soviet Russia in the short space of thirty years passed from an agricultural to an industrial economy of international stature.

The danger is that the Soviet success is a temptation and a lure to the undeveloped nations. They feel that

if Communism could get Russia over the first painful stages of industrialization, it would perform the same miracle for them. The rulers of these young nations in Asia and Africa seem willing to reduce their people to bondage and State tyranny under the impression that they will give them a better way of life. But the trouble is that the tyranny does not wither away. Barbara Ward feels that we should stress the evil effects of Communism in our dealings with undeveloped nations but we should go further. We should set aside one or two per cent of the annual income of the Western Democracies to aid the undeveloped nations to get over the first stage of industrialization. Then they will not need to look to Russia for help.

She makes her readers feel the excitement and turmoil of the Orient but at the same time her message is one of hope—that the spiritual values of the Christian West will eventually win out over the dehumanizing materialism of the Soviets.

JOHN B. SHEERIN, C.S.P.

BORSTAL BOY

by Brendan Behan
Knopf. \$4.50

Brendan Behan, author of the play, *The Quare Fellow*, and a kind of Irish beatnik, tells in these rollicking, irreverent, and raucous pages, part of the story of his life, the story of the formative years from sixteen to twenty he spent in English prisons. A member of the I. R. A., since his thirteenth year, he was apprehended in Liverpool—out the window went his "Sinn Fein conjuror's outfit"—when he was sixteen. He was in Liverpool on a little bomb-planting campaign. To hear him tell the story (and he's pretty convincing), he was an "Up the Republic" man all the way,

even to lecturing the English judge at his trial on Irish culture versus Saxon peasants painted blue.

Borstal Boy is a curious mixture of fairness and prejudice. The author makes no attempt to conceal his contempt for the English and what he takes to be their hypocrisy. He extends his animus to English Catholics, dismissing Cardinal Newman with the observation that it took him a long time to come to the Church as he sat musing under an Oxford college roof of Irish oak stolen from the Irish forests! After all, he claims to come from a family Catholic since St. Patrick's time, and he'll not hear of this business about "distinguished old Catholic English families." He suspects most of them as being romantic Methodists who "came in" during the nineteenth century anyhow. His own Catholicism is a vexing question, one he mentions often. Excommunicated as a member of the I. R. A., he nonetheless served Mass while he was in prison, and he seems to have a rough, somewhat unconventional devotion. "Rough" is the word for this book; it's no book for the squeamish. There are six pages of glossary of slang and prisoner's argot, and almost every page is marked by words ordinarily not found in print. Nonetheless, this is a remarkable and marvelous book, the record of a strident voice from the very bottom drawer, the voice of a man who will not be stilled and who undoubtedly will be heard from again.

RILEY HUGHES

MOMENT IN OSTIA

by Sister M. Thérèse
Hanover House. \$3.00

When Sister M. Thérèse's first book, *Give Joan a Sword*, appeared it was greeted with deserved applause for her intellectual range of subject matter as well as her sureness of technical craft in poetic composition. Her new book, *Moment in Ostia*, gives evidence of enlarged vision and wider lyric range.

Her diction is rich in allusion, strong in intellectual reach and withal musical. In "Knock Revisited," where a shrine to the Blessed Virgin celebrates her apparition within the lifetime of some living residents of the Irish town, Sister Thérèse writes that your soul would come back to Our Lady.

*"On sky-keeled caravel
Swift as the wings of Gabriel."*

She is continually searching for reasons, motives, impulses; and the philosopher almost elbows the poet aside in many poems in this collection, but never succeeds in dominating the singer. Occasionally the diction of the philosopher gets in the way with such phrases as "ontological plenitude," yet in the same poem, "Atlantis," she concludes with lyric finality—

*"—your love is a table spread
Where you reach me the cups of sun
stored in your cellars,
And break me the stars for bread."*

In the section called "In Symbol and Analogy" is a group of well-tailored Shakespearean sonnets, one of the best being "Against This Wind." Some of her identity of power, insight, and courage is expressed in the lines concluding with the statement that is both challenge and defense—

*"Except that I have read the sky and
fear it
May lash a storm about our little town
To twist and bend and break the ex-
quisite spirit
When the tall oaks like brittle reeds
go down;
Against this wind that splits the soul
apart—
Here are my cloak, my staff, my sing-
ing heart!"*

A. M. SULLIVAN

ON WAR

by Raymond Aron
Doubleday. \$3.50

Raymond Aron is best known in this country for *The Century of Total War*, published in English translation in 1954. The book established him as a military analyst of first rank importance, as well as an erudite and perceptive historian of the technical and ideological "excesses" that twice in our century caused local conflicts to expand into total or "hyperbolic" wars.

In this new book, originally one part of a larger study of problems peculiar to France, Aron turns to the contemporary military drama. He addresses himself primarily to questions of strategy surrounding the present nuclear arms standoff between Soviet Russia and the United States (and not, as the title might suggest, to the nature and history of warfare). The result is an analysis so excellent and timely that

it will certainly be compared with Henry A. Kissinger's much-noted *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*.

Aron describes himself as a "realist." He brands as equally naive the pessimist theory that the possession of nuclear arms will inevitably provoke the annihilation of the species, and the optimist prediction of an everlasting "atomic peace" sustained by horror of the new weapons. "No single weapon," he says, "—however revolutionary—suffices to change human nature." History will not be exempt from violence; but because statesmen are more conscious of what a third world war would mean, the chances of a limitation of hostilities are perhaps improved.

Aron asserts that a middle way between peace and annihilation is not only possible but imperative. The Korean War proved the possibility of a non-atomic war in the atomic age and as such "it marked a turning point in the history of the twentieth century." Both nuclear powers realized that the destruction wrought by an expansion of that war into a nuclear exchange would bear no relation to any politically conceivable objective. Short of ideal solutions, this mutual recognition of the need for preventing the extension of localized conflicts is the "next-best thing," and the strategy that most recommends itself to East and West.

Instead, however, of developing the "anachronistic weapons needed to wage limited warfare of this kind, the West, Aron charges, is placing its reliance almost solely on nuclear devices, thus actually encouraging the chances of a nuclear holocaust. The dwindling land armies will soon have as their sole function to create the *casus belli atomici*. "What must be avoided is the generalization of a conflict, and this risk is increased if the Western powers prepare for only one type of war, *the war they do not want to fight*, if they deliberately tie themselves, by a senseless military policy, to the choice between all or nothing, apocalypse or capitulation."

The author differs strongly from the Kissinger theory of "limited atomic" warfare. He concedes the remote possibility that limits could be imposed on tactical atomic engagements outside

Europe; but on the Continent it would be impossible to keep such a battle localized because of the nature of the weapons, the battlefield and the issues at stake.

The reader will also find here a chilling view of the chances for disarmament; a fascinating description of the rise and success of guerrilla warfare; and a discussion of future dangers for the nuclear powers.

This skillful and knowledgeable plea for prudence deserves the widest possible hearing.

MICHAEL V. GANNON

BRAIN WASHING IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

by E. Merrill Root
Devin-Adair. \$4.50

The struggle for the control of man's mind is in no way a new problem. It has over the years taken on new forms. In order to alert the population to the evil of collectivism, with which he alleges high school students are being brain washed, Professor E. Merrill Root has investigated eleven popular high school social studies texts. What he has uncovered is questionable.

The author's sincerity and purity of purpose are in no way a point of issue. But this book reads as if he has a definite thesis in mind and has taken quotations from the books in question in order to prove his point.

The main objection of this reviewer to the book is that it tends to oversimplify an otherwise profound problem. Professor Root believes that a lack of knowledge of and appreciation for our American heritage brought about by "collectivist" textbooks in the high schools has led to American soldiers being brainwashed in Korea. If Professor Root is correct, does he not imply that high school teachers have been guilty of a neglect of their duty by not evaluating the textbooks on which they rely? Does he not place too much emphasis on teaching materials and not enough emphasis on a woefully Godless philosophy of education which is actually the core of the problem existing in America's schools?

This reviewer cannot agree that all would turn out well if students used textbooks which were not objectively critical of aspects of history which should be appraised. Would that the

solution of the problem of collectivism creeping into the schools were so simple, for then we would have something tangible with which to work. But the philosophy of education which confuses the role of parent and child, teacher and student, and makes it possible for students to advance in grades without achieving, is basically the cause of a lack of appreciation of our American heritage. Were all these eleven textbooks withdrawn from the high schools the fundamental difficulties would still remain. This problem can only be solved by a return to respect for authority and an inclusion of God in education. Other solutions treat the symptoms, not the cause.

One difficulty with a book of this nature is that many will immediately accept all of the inferences of the author without investigating the evidence further. The honest differences of opinion which may exist between the authors of the textbooks cited and Professor Root do not seem to have been taken into consideration.

FRANCIS J. LODATO

THE NIGHT OF THE HAMMER

by Ned O'Gorman
Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75

Last year, the winner of the Lamont Poetry Prize was Father Daniel Berrigan, the Jesuit poet. This year, the choice for the Lamont prize is Ned O'Gorman, a graduate of St. Michael's of Winooski, Vermont, class of 1953. The board of judges consisted of Mrs. Stephen Vincent Benét, Richard Eberhart, Louise Townsend Nicoll, Robert Penn Warren, and Richard Wilbur, a jury of high poetic achievement.

O'Gorman's poetry is charged with the excitement of ideas and imagery, with an intellectual crowding of symbols, with a discriminating search for themes that are new or at least seen from a different perspective. The old theme of Cain and Abel is told from a fresh vantage point. Cain was Eve's favorite, the high-stepping first born:

"But there was brotherhood / to reckon with, and brothers are not simply / double sons, but are apt to be disorganized / and easy to dismay."

Out of context this excerpt may sound a bit prosy, but it states the theme of sacrifice in which the lamb of Abel is more appealing in the flaming

pit than Cain's vegetables, as seen by the "mind of God." Cain lost in this competition for God's love, and slew Abel in jealousy—a new twist to the first story of conflict among the sons of Adam.

O'Gorman has a wry gift of humor and satire which is best evidenced in his poem "On Saint Theresa's Difficulty in Keeping Her Feet on the Ground." The tradition of St. Theresa's ecstatic levitation is told with a gusto that invokes a chuckle without any irreverence for a miraculous event. The problem of keeping Saint Theresa earth-bound during prayer or meditation was a challenge too great for her nuns to handle. The debate between gravity and levity was resolved as the nuns gave up and saw "*Their mother floating grandly through the door.*"

In 1956 O'Gorman received a Guggenheim Award and spent the proceeds in travel, mainly in Italy, and several of the poems are of Italian inspiration, one of the better poems being "Michelangelo's Scaffolding," in which he sees the painter "all propped up to God." The poem is fresh in use of a symbol but is blemished by the word "debunked," which seems conspicuous in its wrongness.

O'Gorman's striving for technical effects reflects the discipline he places on his normal lyric impulse, a tension at times too taut, and this straining is evidenced in many poems of power such as "The Complaint of a Young Priest," in which epithet, symbol, and rhetoric play havoc with the reader's mental processes. Despite occasional tangles of rhetoric, O'Gorman exhibits a sturdy command of language. The short, rhymed and unrhymed lyrics have an ease of manner, as well as a lift of music, especially the last poem in the book, "This Will Be the Song":

*"Nothing is bright like fields of wheat,
Nothing varies like a hill of flowers
Moving like rivers in the light."*

A. M. SULLIVAN

HANNIBAL

by Harold Lamb
Doubleday. \$4.50

Harold Lamb's latest book endeavors to teach a salutary moral to a civilization literally standing on the edge of doom—our own. It is this: warfare

need not be a vast conflict of technological skills and accumulation of weapons of destruction; war remains an equation of human beings and their minds.

But the author of *Hannibal* marches us through thousands of miles of conflict, immerses us in any number of blood baths, and serves up his literary banquet on dishes encrusted with carnage before he startles us with this fine bit of political morality. Would that our geopoliticians would heed his warning.

The period which his book covers, that of the Roman-Carthaginian War (241-183 B. C.), is enlivened by an unusual number of excellent passages. So you must not look for any special emphasis given to that historic exclamation voiced by Scipio's red-headed finance minister, Cato. Actually had not Cato expressed his thought in these three words—"Delenda est Cartago!"—undoubtedly his name would not even have been remembered. A fine way to acquire the crown of immortality! Then we learn that the lofty Pyrenees were named after the quite unknown goddess Pyre; that the gates of the Temple of Janus were swung open so that the two-faced god might look out toward the sunrise and sunset, and the Roman people would know that they had entered a state of war; that if you gain a victory, even those who hate you will hold to you; if you are defeated, even your friends will leave you.

After an absence of almost half a century from my books, I was rewarded by *Hannibal*. He it was who recalled to my flagging memory the three rights every Roman citizen possessed, i.e. *ius conubii*, *ius commercii*, *ius suffragationis*. Did he forget, I wonder, that the Roman citizen possessed other inalienable rights? He could not be crucified; nor might he, as St. Paul taught his persecutors, be fastened to the post and scourged.

You are unlikely ever to forget that this was the age of the giants of the Five Minds; two of whom were Eratosthenes and Archimedes. The latter, murdered on page 172, need not be explained to anyone. Eratosthenes? Well, he it was who had measured the earth within fifty miles of its true circumference. No one would calculate

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the true circumference for centuries to come. Poor man, when we meet him in *Hannibal*, he is very old and very blind.

Both Hannibal and his mighty foe Scipio died sadly—the former a suicide, the latter in voluntary exile from Rome, disdaining to the bitter end to allow his remains to lie within Roman territory. But if you are captivated by the literary style of Harold Lamb, you will wish to read more than once this splendid *au revoir* to the author's hero. "Hannibal left the world as quietly as if he had walked out of the hidden gate in his garden." Is this not a kind way to allow us to have the final glimpse of a man who was great even in defeat? PAUL R. RUST, O.M.I.

DECISION FOR CHINA:

Communism or Christianity

by Paul K. T. Sih

Regnery. \$4.50

Read this book and you will understand three important facts. (1) China is important; (2) China is not irrevocably lost to the Church and to the Free World; (3) An effective program for the recovery of China can be set in motion immediately.

Americans frequently fail to understand that China holds the dominant position in the Asian world by the massiveness of its size, its political genius, its cultural development, and its future possibilities. There is an increasing pessimism about China, an urge to forget that country and to focus our attention on other parts of the world. China is considered a lost continent, an interesting sphere of scholarly research, an area for exciting newspaper reporting, but otherwise only a distant, irrelevant land somewhere out in the misty realms of the East. Christian interest in China has itself suffered considerably. Pessimism has produced paralysis in thought and action for this unhappy land.

This spell of pessimism has finally been broken by Dr. Paul Sih in *Decision for China*. For the first time in recent years we are given a sense of hope founded on a penetrating analysis of the present situation on mainland China. Along with hope he has outlined a program of action for the spiritual liberation of China and the creation of a New China based on

Christian Faith and Confucian Humanism. Infinite resources of the human and spiritual order are available to us if only we open our eyes to the realities of the situation and get to work at the task assigned us by Divine Providence. In page after page of splendid writing the author reveals to us the inner weaknesses of the Communist regime in China and the inner strength possessed by ourselves and by the oppressed Chinese people.

Our greatest difficulty is simply that our understanding of Asia has never been equal to our missionary effort. We have worked in China for generations without adequate understanding of what we were about. We have manifested none of that masterful sense of strategy shown by Matteo Ricci in the seventeenth century. Since the occupation of China by the Communists, missionaries have contented themselves with writing sad stories of all they have suffered. But as yet nothing substantial has been done to provide a comprehensive program to meet the new situation. New centers of study have not developed in the Catholic countries of the West as we might have expected. Even the fundamental historical studies of our mission experience of the past fifty years have not been done. We have today no more understanding of the problem of China than we had in the last century. There is probably little if any increase in the number of Catholics trained in Oriental Studies. We continue to preach and to pray as though intelligence had nothing to do with our Western cultural or our Catholic religious contacts with the East.

Dr. Sih understands this and thus his first plea is for a work of intelligence. "The theory and history of the missions are thoroughly studied. But little advance has been made in the spiritual understanding of native thought and religious traditions. Missiology says there should be adaptation. But adaptation to what? We understand our theology well enough; we understand the higher spiritual and religious traditions of Asia hardly at all." A viable synthesis of Asian thought and Christian Revelation must be made. Everything depends on this and on the ability of Christians to demonstrate that a Christian order of

life can also be new, modern, urban and industrial. This Christian synthesis must include both past and present and guide the way into the rapidly evolving future.

The author understands the complex nature of the problem in China. He has presented his case with clarity and enthusiasm. The result is a creative study dominated not by mere analysis of the past or by weeping over the present but by planning for the future. We have a right to expect that the American people and particularly American Catholics will give serious attention to what he has written.

THOMAS BERRY, C.P.

THE NATURE OF BELIEF

by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.
Herder, \$4.50

When this book first appeared in 1931, it was so well received that even "the gloomy Dean" Inge complimented the author. In it Father D'Arcy examines and evaluates the many philosophic "isms" which have been perplexing people since the days of Hume and Kant. Most patiently does he search for any thought content that might be found in the maze of words employed by savants as they debate such things as certainty and the reason for reality.

Now, almost thirty years later, there is a re-publication with additions to cover the more recent trends of empiricism and the positivistic attitude of mind. He has to deal, therefore, with the mathematician and the scientist-turned-philosopher, and with the faddist who attracts attention by his juggling of words and phrases. One writer confesses that he is handicapped by not being able to decide what is meant by "meaning." Another wishes his readers to know that "we have absolutely no conclusive evidence that there is a physical world and we have absolutely no conclusive evidence either that we exist." It is little wonder that the author ventures the opinion that there hovers over much of this philosophizing "the shadow of imbecility." Like G. K. Chesterton, he finds God's "riddles" more satisfying than man's "solutions."

Father D'Arcy first demonstrates the grounds for certainty and then contends that if the mind functions normally it will operate along the lines of



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common sense, which in turn gives ample evidence that human intelligence is by its very nature limited. If one is to know the why and wherefore of things he has need of supernatural help—the gift of Faith. Having made clear what is meant by Faith he shows that it is rational, certain, free and the greatest of intellectual gifts. *The Nature of Belief* is for the student who is already acquainted with at least the phraseology of contemporary philosophy.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN, C.S.P.

IN EVERY WAR BUT ONE

by Eugene Kinkead

Norton. \$3.75

Only in the Korean War, the author reminds us, were captured Americans guilty of large-scale collaboration with the enemy. Why? Mr. Kinkead, first in a *New Yorker* article, now expanded into book form, probes for the answer. The question is indeed important, and the correct answer is vital. It is difficult, therefore, to understand why Mr. Kinkead set about finding it in the worst possible manner: going directly—and solely—to Army sources (he interviewed not one single ex-prisoner)! No wonder, then, that he can assure us that "in due course what I wrote was approved by the Department of Defense." This secondhand official report is certainly interesting and provides some valuable information, but it is in no sense an adequate treatment of so complex a problem. And the conclusions are, most regrettably, limited to the Army's own.

It is a simple matter to say that "we have failed" to tell "our boys" what they were fighting for. Heaven knows ignorance of anything smacking of the eschatological has been the virtual aim of Progressive Education (as irony would have it, the collaborators were called "progressives"). But this is merely a part of the much larger question facing Americans: is our moral fiber decaying? We can get neither answer nor solution by working backwards from the Korean War. If, as there is so much reason to fear, we have truly gone soft, neither the Army nor its excuses will save us. But Korea was not a valid test. The author should be reminded that, also for the first time in our history, we made no attempt

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to win this "Police Action." No troops can be expected to give their best to achieve stalemate; and prisoner morale cannot be sustained when the vital element—hope of liberation by their victorious comrades-in-arms—is withheld. The prisoners were abandoned to the most diabolical and ruthless enemy in history. It is true they were unprepared and that many fared badly (the death rate, too, was the highest in history). But until we all of us learn the truth about Communism, and determine to destroy it, the "lessons" of Korea will very likely be repeated.

J. P. MCFADDEN

JOY OUT OF SORROW

by Mother Marie des Douleurs

trans. by Barry Ulanov

and Frank Tauritz

Newman. \$1.50

Any Christian who has ever indulged in any self-pity, or endured any anxiety, would profit from this collection of vigorous essays on seeking holiness through handicaps. These conferences were written by the foundress of the twenty-nine-year-old Congregation of Jesus Crucified, made up of sick and

handicapped religious women. The papers are especially directed against any tendency to pettiness that may easily overtake the closely confined and chronically afflicted. With realism, coupled with gentle understanding, Mother Marie des Douleurs takes the trying incidents of every day as her starting point for teaching the interior life. She does not neglect the exterior virtues which draw the neighbor to Christ.

She warns in particular against allowing a childish piety to dominate adult life. She says this is possible when words are so often repeated that they become worn out, reduced and emptied of their meaning, until a ditch is hollowed out between piety and life. How far she herself is from meaningless pious prattle appears in her explanations of basic principles. Character, she says, means to maintain one's convictions in the face of reality. Contemplation is recovering the design of God at every moment. Christian suffering is suffering with all and for all. It is better to live with a "sense of gift," and better to die because there is no longer anything in

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us that can be utilized by Our Lord, than to die like a dead bud that didn't want to open up.

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SISTER RITAMARY, C.H.M.

THE SHAPING VISION OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

by Alan Heuser
Oxford. \$3.50

In the lexicon of the careless reviewer there are two terms which ought assiduously to be avoided: (1) "heart-warming," usually in reference to a story about a boy and his dog; and (2) "indispensable," which unfortunately carries the unwarranted connotation of extra-exclusive significance. Since literary criticism can hardly be called heart-warming, to say that this book is indispensable to the confirmed Hopkinsian ought not to imply that it would not be of interest to the general reader of wide cultural interests. Certainly Alan Heuser's study of Hopkins comes pretty close to being indispensable to anyone interested in the condition and directions of modern poetry. But of course any such exploration as that cannot be attempted here.

The important question to ask is: "Where does Hopkins stand today?"

This in itself may seem a rather gratuitous question, since one can hardly say that Hopkins has suffered from lack of critical attention. But a curious note seems lately to have sounded from the score of criticism within, say, the present decade; and this ranges all the way from the sour note of Robert Graves ("poor self-tortured Hopkins") to the off-key tone of Yvor Winters, who condescends to admit that, although minor, Hopkins would deserve a place among "the twelve or fourteen best British poets of the nineteenth century." Fourteen, count them.

However, unlike the perfunctory snorting of Graves, Winters has attempted a full-length and legitimate critique on Hopkins; and it is extremely interesting, as well as profitable, to read Winters' essay along with Alan Heuser's study of Hopkins. For example, critics (including Winters) have spent pages on the one word "Buckle" in "The Windhover"; but the succinct and pertinent comment of Alan Heuser on the same word is worth all of those pages put together. Of course, a full reply *per se* must sooner or later be written to Winters. But considered independently, *The Shaping Vision* is much more than a refutation of previous error; it is, although somewhat turgid in style, creative criticism at its best. Creative, not only because Alan Heuser has dealt more originally and more exactly than anyone else with such key terms in Hopkins as "instress" and "inscape" and "pitch," but he has revealed them in their trinitarian relationship, growing and evolving into that lifelong shaping of vision of Hopkins' which finally came to stand as his greatest achievement. It is an achievement, however, which even to this day has not been fully recognized.

For instance, it has been said often enough (and one would not wish to gainsay the fact beyond the opinion that "major" and "minor" are generally useless terms) that Yeats was a major poet. But surely it is legitimate to ask by what incredible logic must it be said that Hopkins was necessarily a minor one. By quantity of output?

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Then we must still consider that it is chiefly from his later poems and plays that the myth of Yeats has evolved. Further, if a unifying principle can be seen to give the later poetry of Yeats its major dimension, then (at the risk of shocking Yeatsian devotees) an immeasurably profounder principle obtains in the poetry of Hopkins. For this reason alone the major-minor premise becomes untenable; and Hopkins, like Yeats, must be considered a poet of the very first order. The considerable achievement of Alan Heuser's book is that it cogently portrays the figure and proportion of Hopkins' true stature.

THOMAS F. McDONNELL

THE EDWARDINE ORDINAL

by Rev. Charles Hoare
Burleigh Press. \$2.50

"The first law of history is not to say what is false; next, not to fear to say what is true; nor to let arise any suspicion of partiality or of animosity in writing."

So wrote Leo XIII. His letter was addressed in 1883 to Cardinal de Luca. His citation, of course, is from Cicero's

De Oratore. If anything, the pages of Father Hoare's book exemplify a scrupulous fidelity to these Ciceronian canons. While his latest work is basically related to his 1938 *Continuity*, it is none the less true to add that *The Edwardine Ordinal* is an independent work, intended not only for clergymen, Catholic and otherwise, but for an intelligent and discerning lay readership.

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trate the vacuity of Anglican Orders. If the distinguished historian Father Ernest Messenger praised British Father Hoare's *Continuity* as "one of the most brilliant and convincing refutations of Anglican claims that we have ever seen," were he alive today he would undoubtedly pay the same tribute to *The Edwardine Ordinal*.

The author intends his readers to see what he himself has seen, the intricacies of the Tudor Reformation and the debasing of Catholic orthodoxy through the eyes of the official formularies of the Anglican Church—the *Book of Common Prayer*, the *Ordinal*, the *Thirty-Nine Articles*. These measure off three of the four sides of the framework of the historical context of the English Reformation. Its fourth side is the consistent Protestantism of the Established Church from Elizabeth I to Elizabeth II.

The Edwardine Ordinal will surely be acclaimed as one of the most disturbingly satisfying works of all time dealing with Leo XIII's case against Anglican Ordinations. Father Brandi's apologia of more than sixty years ago was long regarded as the last word on Anglican Ordinations. We prophecy this praise will now have to be transferred—and until something better appears—to Father Hoare's superlative book.

It may be procured from him at St. Augustine's Nursing Home, 25 Upper Maze Hill, St. Leonards-On-Sea, Sussex, England.

PAUL R. RUST, O.M.I.

SHORTER NOTICES

AN A B C OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, by Msgr. A. J. Sprigler (*Bruce*. \$2.95). With many quotations and illustrations from the Bible, the author directs the Christian soul along the way to holiness. He gives a straightforward and down-to-earth review of the topics usually covered during a retreat: salvation, sin, mercy and the means of Grace.

FIRST STEPS TO SANCTITY, by Rev. Albert J. Shamon (*Newman*. \$2.75). Such chapter titles as "Desire—Mother of Action," "Books—Food for Thought," "Meditation—Thought for Food" are indicative of the lively, unconventional and, at the same time,

effective presentation of the fundamentals of the spiritual life. There is no danger of dozing off while reading this; one will want to return again and again for further food for thought.

ST. ODO OF CLUNY, by Dom Gerard Sitwell, O.S.B. (*Sheed & Ward*. \$4.50). Dom Sitwell translates and edits the *Life of St. Odo* by John of Salerno, and the *Life of St. Gerald of Aurillac* by St. Odo. St. Odo, the second Abbot of Cluny, a religious leader and reformer, was one of the most influential personalities of his day. St. Gerald, the Count of Aurillac, a friend of Odo's, was renowned for his charity and exemplary life. Their biographies were written in the style popular in the tenth century when people loved to hear of the most extraordinary happenings. The translator's introduction is excellent. He gives a clear picture of the semi-barbarous conditions then existing and shows how the Benedictine Foundations were as leaven in the slow process of civilization.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

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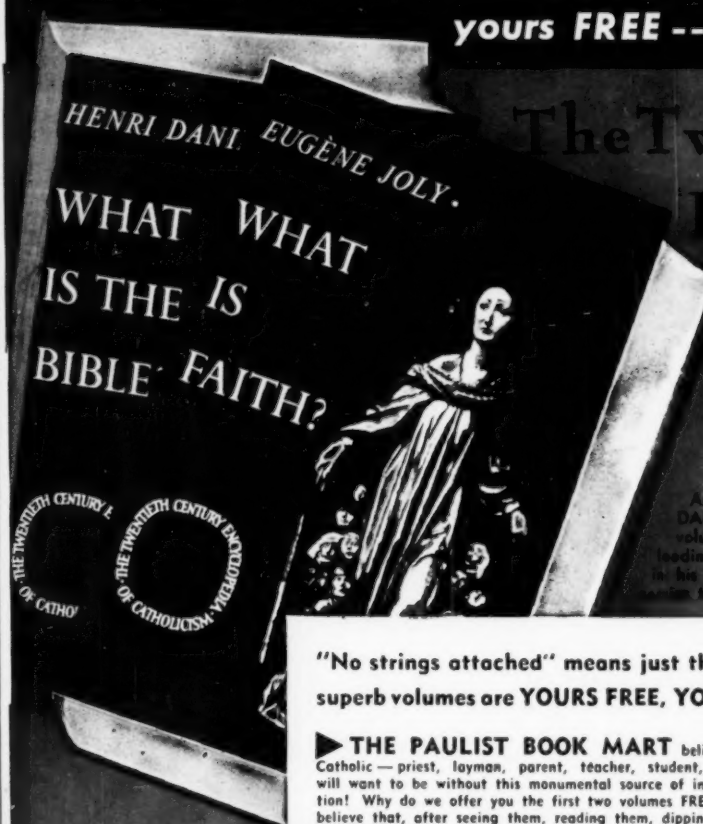
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